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SEPTEMBER 18, 1981

. F. Buckley Jr. on
RUE CONFESSIONS'
—see page 1091

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Way We Were

BARD COLLEGE, MID '40s

by Anthony Harrigan

DARTMOUTH'S RESTORATION

by Gregory A. Fossedal
Dinesh D'Souza

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Crooks and Clowns on TV

See the dastard. Hiss at him. See the dolt. Hoot at him. They're both businessmen, TV variety.

In the skimpy fare served up as network entertainment night after night, the business world is peopled mostly by ne'er-do-wells and nincompoops. Likely as not, businessmen and women are portrayed on the tube as schemers and lawbreakers, a la J.R. Ewing, or else they're bubbleheads bumbling about and mouthing off for laughs, in the manner of Archie Bunker.

Such are the key gleanings of a study, first of its kind ever done, looking into the way television depicts people in business. The study found that two out of every three businessmen on television come across as foolish, greedy, or evil. In the prime-time view, over half of all corporate chiefs commit illegal acts, ranging from fraud to murder. Some 45% of all business activities are shown as illicit. Only 3% of TV business people behave in ways that are socially and economically productive.

The study, titled *Crooks, Conmen and Clowns: Businessmen in TV Entertainment,* was done by The Media Institute, a Washington-based research organization that seeks to improve the level and quality of media coverage of business and economic affairs. If the institute's researchers wound up their work bug-eyed and babbling, that's understandable. They peered at 200 episodes of the top 50 series on ABC, CBS, and NBC: sitcoms, shoot-'em-ups, dramas, and the like. The sample excluded all specials, sporting events, and news programs.

Analyzing the shows' content and characters, the institute confirmed what some of us in business have long been squirming about: As pictured by the floppy-necked quiche nibblers who dream up network series, most businessmen are either blackguards or buffoons. "Businessmen on prime-time television are consistently shown in an unflattering light," The Media Institute said. "Sixty-seven percent are portrayed in a negative manner—as criminals, fools, or greedy or malevolent egotists—while only 25% are shown in a positive light."

The bigger the business, the more unfavorably its practitioners are painted. The leaders of large companies tend to be cast as out-and-out crooks, lesser executives as mere miscreants, and small businessmen as dimwits. In TV's vision of business, ethics are about as rare as rowboats in the Sahara.

Why the perverse portrayals? Leonard J. Theberge, president of The Media Institute, points out that TV entertainment adheres to a simplistic format of good versus bad. In years past, "bad" was personified by such societal stereotypes as minorities, ethnic groups, and women. Happily, such stereotypes have all but been eliminated. Still, the bad-guy slot remains to be filled. Business folks, it seems, make suitably handy villains and knuckleheads.

Theberge notes, too, the existence of "cultural reasons which might explain a bias by TV writers against businessmen. For example, it is not a new phenomenon for creative artists to look down on the commercial sector."

Two ironies obtrude. One is that the networks whose shows project businessmen as scoundrels and jesters are themselves commercial enterprises run by, yes, businessmen. The other is that the programs denigrating business are supported by advertising dollars from—you guessed it—business.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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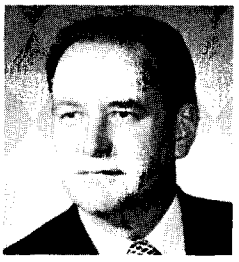

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The Campus

1071 Dartmouth's Restoration

The college's establishment is out of the Sixties; its rebels, of the Eighties. When conservative students and alumni decided to fight the sodden liberalism that was deforming their beloved traditions, they rediscovered the sharp limits to liberal tolerance. But the administration's dirty tactics, successful in the early rounds, have backfired, and the rebels are gaining fast.

Gregory A. Fossedal & Dinesh D'Souza

1078 The Way We Were

A memoir of college life a generation ago—the quiet radicalism, the sexual revolution-in-the-making, the ultimate estrangements. "If Britain won the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton," says the author, "America lost the battles of the Sixties and Seventies on college campuses in the late Forties."

Anthony Harrigan

Articles & Columns

1068 Rich Folks

Americans prefer free enterprise to big business. Ronald Reagan seems to appreciate the distinction —as he'd better.

Neal B. Freeman

1070 Britain and the Continent

The English, formerly aloof from Europe even as they were its greatest power, now find themselves marginal—and uncomprehending.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

1081 Coming of Age

Young Americans for Freedom observed their 21st anniversary in Boston recently, savoring, for the first time, political triumph.

David Pietrusza

Books Arts & Manners

1083 P. T. Bauer thinks unthinkable thoughts, aloud, and lucidly, in *Equality, the Third World, and Economic Delusion.* **Forrest McDonald** marvels. . . . Reynolds Price's novel *The Source of Light* shows the radiance of its author, says **J. O. Tate**, but somehow fails to shine. . . . **Mitchell S. Ross** wonders why Gore Vidal's novel *Creation* isn't a straight historical essay instead. . . . **Joseph Sobran** confronts the sermons of a modern saint. . . . **David Evanier** crashes Leonard Michaels's *Men's Club*, and reports favorably thereon. . . . **John Simon** b's at *S.O.B.* . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** reflects on changing fashions in movie priests. . . . **D. Keith Mano** writes about not writing.

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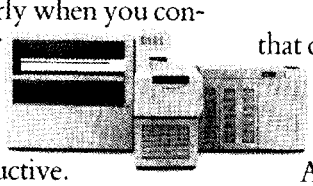

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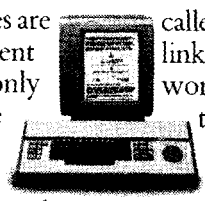

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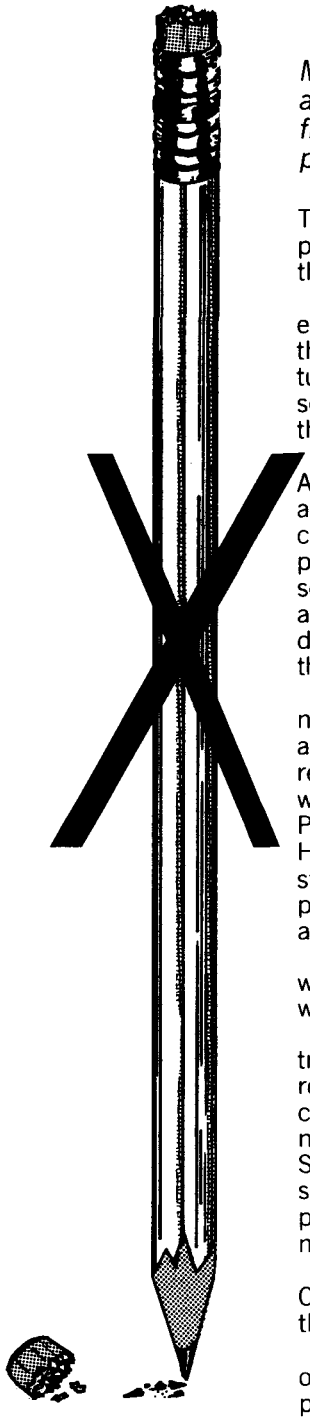
The pencil problem—1990



Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

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Letters

Lifting Fog

I was delighted to see that Thomas Sowell has appeared in the pages of *NR* ["The Uses of Government for Racial Equality," Sept. 4]. Sacred myths about race and the welfare state will have a hard time surviving the publication of Sowell's latest books: *Knowledge and Decisions* (1980), *Ethnic America* (1981), and *Markets and Minorities* (1981). Perhaps even the Platonic style of policy-making will, for a time, be less popular than his empirical method.

Joseph Haimson
New York, N.Y.

The Soviet Siege

To the question, why have the Soviets not invaded Poland, one may answer that all of Winston's answers ["The Current Wisdom," Aug. 7] are perfectly correct, and that, that being so, the Kremlin has decided on another, safer course, tied to the inevitable decline (which it may be hastening) of the Polish economy.

The Soviets probably *would* invade if the germ of freedom entered the bloodstream of the East Germans, Czechs, or Hungarians; not a likely event given the way the leaders of those countries have viewed events in Poland. Otherwise, the Russians will be content to let the entire experiment drown in the morass of the Polish collapse—the worse the collapse, the better.

As the economic decline continues they will make sure to emphasize the relationship between the anti-socialist Solidarity and its Western, capitalist supporters. They will drum this correlation into the ears of their Eastern European satellites. Meanwhile, if a large amount of capital is to go down the sinkhole, they would rather let it be from the West than from Moscow. The Western Europeans, daily more dependent on Soviet trade and natural gas, and anxious about repayment of Eastern Bloc debts, will hardly sever relations because of Soviet failure to assume the Polish debt.

And the Soviets will be around to pick up all the pieces after the experiment has sunk. They will have all the tired Marxian aphorisms ready to explain what happens to those who abandon socialism for the capitalist West.

Frederic Wile
New York, N.Y.

Winston considers four reasons why Russia has not invaded Poland with a massive army as it did Czechoslovakia under similar circumstances. I propose a fifth which, in my judgment, is more significant than any of the others.

If the Soviets invade Poland at this time they will vitiate their most important weapon: propaganda. Thus far, their propaganda effort has been phenomenally successful. In spite of their apodictic desire to destroy us, they have conned the majority of our intellectual community into believing that they are "not all that bad."

When the Soviets use client states to wage war, the fact of the matter never seems to penetrate to our conned intellectuals. But when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia with their own army, a perceptual change could be discerned among our journalists. When they invaded Afghanistan a bit of real education was evident on our campuses.

Poland means more to Americans and Europeans than Afghanistan. People in Ohio and Pennsylvania and Louisiana have cousins and uncles in Poland; in September 1939, Germany and Russia began World War II by invading Poland; the Pope is Polish.

A massive invasion of Poland by the Russian army would provide an unavoidable education for journalists and professors alike. I believe the Russians know this and for this reason above all others have refrained from doing what they would so much like to do.

Carl Charbonnet
Mt. Brook, Ala.

POWs

The article by Boettcher and Rehyansky on American POWs ["We Can Keep You . . . Forever," Aug. 21] would provoke even the Buddha to fits of rage. Thank you for bringing the subject up again.

The authors referred to the depressed finances of the League of Families—POWs/MIAs which seeks to keep the issue before the public. For the benefit of interested readers could you provide the address of this organization?

Robert J. Chiore
Grand Prairie, Tex.

It is: National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, 1608 K Street Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20006. —MS

To the Finland Station

As a former subscriber recently returned to the fold, it was nice to find *NR* continuing to print such fine articles as Edwina Campbell's "Verdun, the Somme, and the Fate of Poland" [Aug. 7]. It was also nice

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to find a young foreign service officer so intelligent and so well grounded in the realities of international politics.

Her description of the malaise of youngish Western Europeans is, unfortunately, accurate, and it is probably true that this condition had its genesis in the carnage of World War I. Surely it overstates things, however, to say American foreign policy *since 1945* has exacerbated it. The general lack of U.S. leadership since the mid-Sixties has added to the problem, but on numerous occasions prior to that time only strong American policy kept Europeans from sliding down the long, easy slope to Finlandization or worse.

It is true that for the last 15 years we have not had an Administration able to articulate an effective European policy. LBJ was preoccupied with Southeast Asia and domestic policy. Nixon with Watergate, China, and SALT. Carter was simply incompetent.

For the first time in over a decade the West has a leader who is both capable of leading it and willing to do so. The road will be rocky for a while. But it has not been that long since words like "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" galvanized the Continent into doing what it was right to do. We may well be in for a replay during the next four years.

Robert J. Gorman
Tucson, Ariz.

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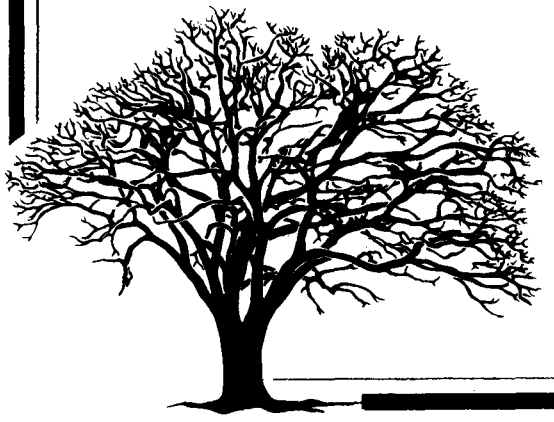

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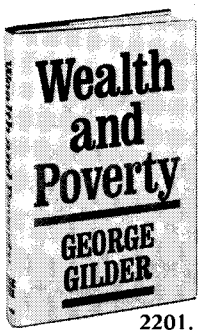

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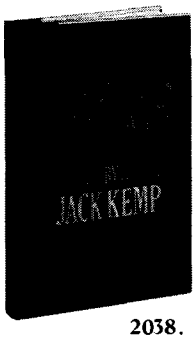

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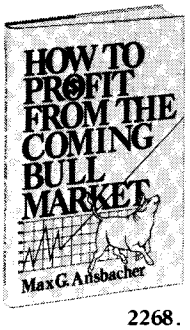

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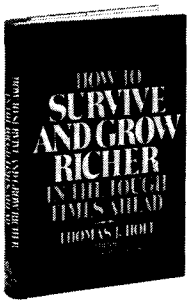

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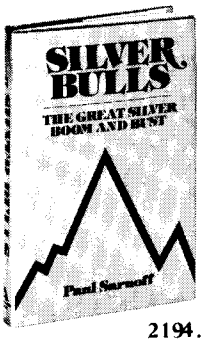

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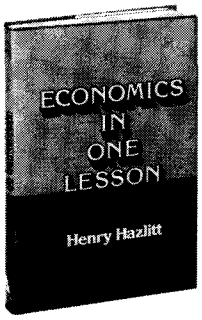

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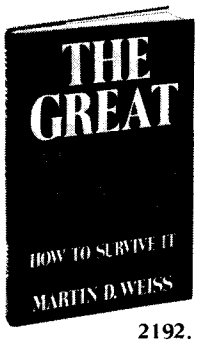

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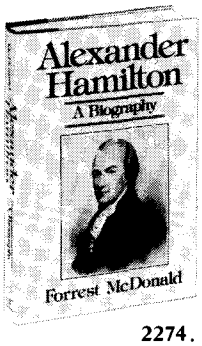

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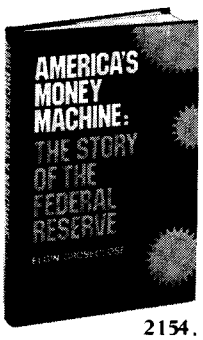

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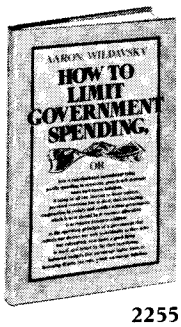

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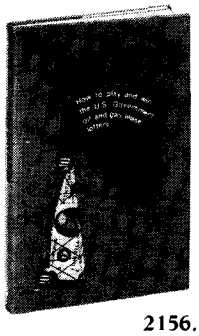

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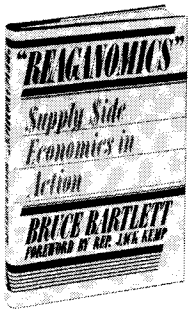

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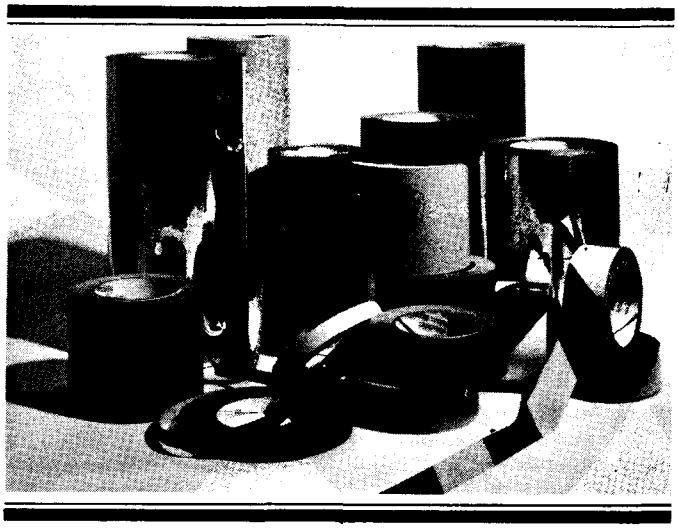

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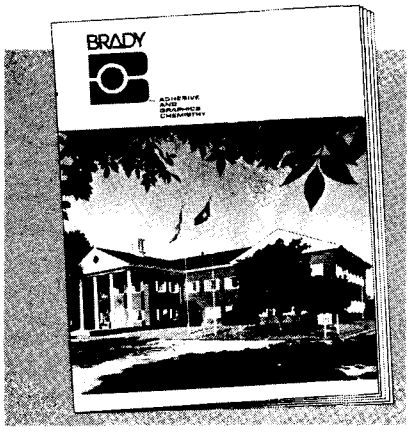

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Fat City

The points made by Richard Brookhiser on the Janet Cooke affair ["Yellow Journals, Black Faces," Aug. 21] were characteristically fine and original ones, but marred by at least one glib Proposed Solution: "We might, for starters, disband all journalism programs and journalism schools, from which new reporters emerge like cartons of homogenized milk."

This kind of wiseacreage unfairly knocks J-schools and departments (which didn't exist, incidentally, in the "yellow" age of Pulitzer himself). In the morally and intellectually blasted heath that was post-Sixties NYU, that school's journalism department seemed at times like the only place you could even *say* the word "ethics" with both conviction and a straight face. Did they moralize? Yes, with a welcome vigor worthy of West Point. Our professors passed along a genuine, if embattled, sense of professional honor—and if a tinge of pomposity went with it, it seemed (and seems) a small price to pay.

I'd change "homogenized" milk to "pasteurized."

Brenda L. Becker
New York, N.Y.

Coming About

It is a great victory! The President's budget cuts and tax rate reductions are a great step to putting an end to the dominance of liberal economic theories in America ["The Week," Aug. 21]. It is a great victory for the American people.

The President deserves tremendous credit for his rhetorical skills, his conviction and leadership, and his tireless work.

I also want to take a moment to express thanks to you as well. NATIONAL REVIEW has been a critical vehicle through which conservatives have communicated and through which the political agenda has been redirected. Thanks.

Richard S. Williamson
Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs
Washington, D.C.

Her Majesty's Line

Re: Priscilla Buckley's review of *The Queen and Her Court* ["Books in Brief," July 24]. Hmm. What do you make of this? My edition of Bartlett (14th, 1968) has this for "We are not amused": "Upon seeing an imitation of herself by the Honorable Alexander Grantham Yorke, groom-in-waiting to the Queen. From *Notebooks of a Spinster Lady* [January 2, 1900]." Also, *The Penguin Dictionary of Quotations* has simply "[*Notebooks of a Spinster Lady*, 2 Jan. 1900]."

Perhaps the Queen knew a good line when she heard one and used it on more than one occasion!

William E. Henry
Bloomington, Ill.

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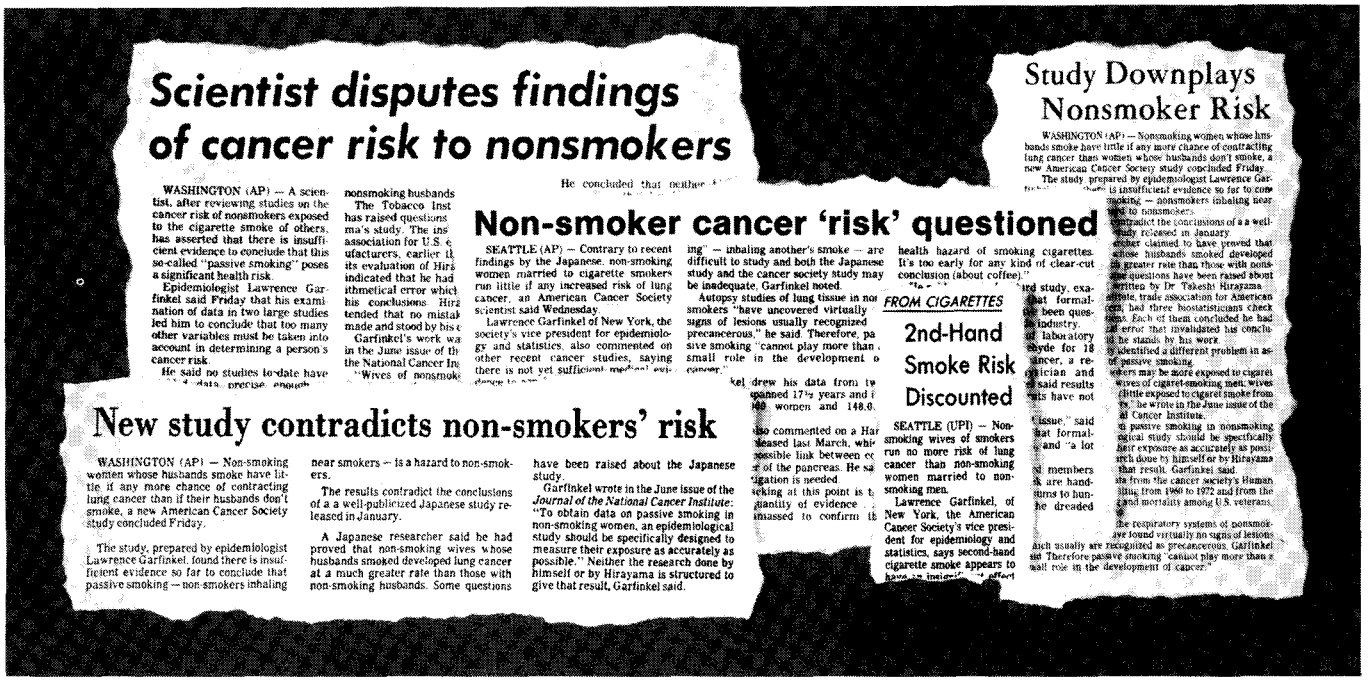
HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT TOBACCO SMOKE IN THE AIR.



Scientist disputes findings of cancer risk to nonsmokers

WASHINGTON (AP) — A scientist, after reviewing studies on the cancer risk of nonsmokers exposed to the cigarette smoke of others, has asserted that there is insufficient evidence to conclude that this so-called "passive smoking" poses a significant health risk.

Epidemiologist Lawrence Garfinkel said Friday that his examination of data in two large studies led him to conclude that too many other variables must be taken into account in determining a person's cancer risk.

He said no studies to-date have ... data, precise enough ... nonsmoking husbands

The Tobacco Inst ... has raised questions ... ma's study. The ins ... association for U.S. ... ufacturers, earlier t ... its evaluation of Hira ... indicated that he had ... ithmetical error which ... his conclusions. Hira ... tended that no mistak ... made and stood by his ...

Garfinkel's work wa ... in the June issue of th ... the National Cancer In ...

"Wives of nonsmok ...

He concluded that neither ...

Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned

SEATTLE (AP) — Contrary to recent findings by the Japanese, non-smoking women married to cigarette smokers run little if any increased risk of lung cancer, an American Cancer Society scientist said Wednesday.

Lawrence Garfinkel of New York, the society's vice president for epidemiology and statistics, also commented on other recent cancer studies, saying there is not yet sufficient medical evi- ... dence to ... kel drew his data from tw ... spanned 17½ years and i ... 00 women and 148,0 ...

ing" — inhaling another's smoke — are difficult to study and both the Japanese study and the cancer society study may be inadequate, Garfinkel noted.

Autopsy studies of lung tissue in nor ... smokers "have uncovered virtually ... signs of lesions usually recognized ... precancerous," he said. Therefore, pa ... sive smoking "cannot play more than ... small role in the development o ... cancer."

... so commented on a Hav ... released last March, whi ... possible link between ex ... of the pancreas. He sa ... igation is needed ... seking at this point is t ... gianitity of evidence ... inssessed to confirm th ...

health hazard of smoking cigarettes. It's too early for any kind of clear-cut conclusion (about coffee)."

FROM CIGARETTES

2nd-Hand Smoke Risk Discounted

SEATTLE (UPI) — Non-smoking wives of smokers run no more risk of lung cancer than non-smoking women married to non-smoking men.

Lawrence Garfinkel, of New York, the American Cancer Society's vice president for epidemiology and statistics, says second-hand cigarette smoke appears to ... have an insignific... effect ...

... rd study, exa- ... that formal- ... been ques- ... industry. ... of laboratory ... clyde for 18 ... ancer, a re- ... ician and ... said results ... ults have not ...

... issue," said ... hat formal- ... and "a lot ... d members ... k are hand- ... turns to hun- ... he dreaded ...

New study contradicts non-smokers' risk

WASHINGTON (AP) — Non-smoking women whose husbands smoke have little if any more chance of contracting lung cancer than if their husbands don't smoke, a new American Cancer Society study concluded Friday.

The study, prepared by epidemiologist Lawrence Garfinkel, found there is insufficient evidence so far to conclude that passive smoking — non-smokers inhaling near smokers — is a hazard to non-smokers.

The results contradict the conclusions of a a well-publicized Japanese study released in January.

A Japanese researcher said he had proved that non-smoking wives whose husbands smoked developed lung cancer at a much greater rate than those with non-smoking husbands. Some questions have been raised about the Japanese study.

Garfinkel wrote in the June issue of the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*: "To obtain data on passive smoking in non-smoking women, an epidemiological study should be specifically designed to measure their exposure as accurately as possible." Neither the research done by himself or by Hirayama is structured to give that result, Garfinkel said.

Study Downplays Nonsmoker Risk

WASHINGTON (AP) — Nonsmoking women whose husbands smoke have little if any more chance of contracting lung cancer than women whose husbands don't smoke, a new American Cancer Society study concluded Friday.

The study, prepared by epidemiologist Lawrence Gar- ... is insufficient evidence so far to con- ... cluding — nonsmokers inhaling near ... to nonsmokers.

... contradict the conclusions of a a well- ... study released in January ... rcher claimed to have proved that ... whose husbands smoked developed ... greater rate than those with nons- ... questions have been raised about ... written by Dr. Takeshi Hirayama ... ute, trade association for American ... , had three biostatisticians check ... . Each of them concluded he had ... error that invalidated his conclu- ... he stands by his work ... identified a different problem in as- ... of passive smoking ... okers may be more exposed to cigaret ... wives of cigaret-smoking men, wives ... little exposed to cigaret smoke from ... s," he wrote in the June issue of the ... al Cancer Institute. ... o passive smoking in nonsmoking ... ogical study should be specifically ... their exposure as accurately as possi- ... rch done by himself or by Hirayama ... that result, Garfinkel said. ... ata from the cancer society's Human ... lling from 1960 to 1972 and from the ... and mortality among U.S. veterans. ... the respiratory systems of nonsmok- ... ave found virtually no signs of lesions ... hich usually are recognized as precancerous. Garfinkel ... id. Therefore passive smoking "cannot play more than a ... nall role in the development of cancer."

Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several eminent biostatisticians found an apparent statistical error in the Japanese calculations—raising serious questions about the study.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

If you'd like to know more about these developments, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ President **Reagan** returns from vacation looking pretty good in the polls, but there's stormy weather ahead. The latest **NBC/AP** poll shows his popularity up eight points, to 63; 64 per cent approve his handling of the **air controllers**; another 64 per cent think he has "set the right tone" with the **Soviets** (only 5 per cent think he's been too tough). And a surprising 67 per cent (**Gallup**) approve, or are indifferent to, Reagan's **environmental** policies. . . . But a poll of small-businessmen (National Federation of Independent Business) indicates more of them are worried about high **interest rates** (31 per cent) than **inflation** (26). That's a big turnaround from a year ago when small business put inflation ahead of interest rates as a major worry by 39 per cent to 9 per cent. . . . **Evans & Novak** see the intra-Administration fight over how deep to cut the defense budget as Reagan's major hurdle this fall and winter. . . . Rock-solid GOP Senate majorities are endangered in upcoming **AWACS** debate, with such Reagan supporters as Sens. **Armstrong** (Colo.), **Jepsen** (Iowa), **Stevens** (Alaska), and **Hawkins** (Fla.) in the uncertain to possibly opposed camp. . . . Interesting sidelight: Democratic political analyst **Alan Baron** says contributing factor to **Menachem Begin**'s unpopularity with U.S. Jewish community is Begin's closeness to Moral Majority leader **Jerry Falwell**.

■ Anti-Reagan attacks are mounting abroad. President **José López Portillo**'s State of the Union message spent about as much time in anti-U.S. rhetoric as on Mexican problems (*muchos*). The U.S. was attacked on SALT, the neutron bomb, cold-warriorism; López Portillo reiterated his support of **Fidel Castro**, the **Sandinista** in Nicaragua, the **Salvadoran** rebels, and all revolutionary movements. . . . French Foreign Minister **Cheysson**, in his swing through Central America, was quoted as referring to "American imperialism" in his talks with journalists. . . . The French magazine *L'Express* reports Soviet bloc deeply involved in training a **Pakistani guerrilla force** for subversion across the Afghan border. According to *L'Express*, Soviet special forces supervise the training, **Cubans** teach guerrilla tactics, **Czechs** and **Bulgarians** teach motor and tank maintenance, **East Germans** teach communications. Among the recruits, **Murtaza Bhutto**, son of the executed former Pakistani president. . . . In El Salvador, a large cache of Communist propaganda and arms has been discovered in a house owned by Monsignor **Torruella**, the Number Two prelate in the country. Msgr. Torruella denies all knowledge, says house had been rented to students. . . . On the plus side, *New York Times* reporter **John Darnton** says a year ago an average Pole wouldn't allow his name to be used in a story; now, says Darnton, it's the officials who ask for anonymity.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"We're having a little end-of-recession party and wondered whether you'd like to join us."

■ Frank talk: Chairman **Daniel Rostenkowski** (Ways & Means) says if **Tip O'Neill** runs for re-election as Speaker in '82, Boll Weevils in House could bolt and support a Republican (this presumes the Democrats still control the House). . . . Conservative Texas Democrat Rep. **Phil Gramm** warns that if the Democrats try to push him off Budget Committee he could change party affiliation. . . . New Jersey Democrats wishing Sen. **Harrison Williams** would go away. If Williams hangs on past Nov. 3 (gubernatorial election day in N.J.) a Republican might appoint his successor. Meanwhile **Jeff Bell**, who plans to run for Williams's seat, has raised $400,000 in campaign funds. . . . In New York, private polls on Gov. **Hugh Carey**'s prospects are "depressing." . . . In California **Richard O'Neill** says of Gov. **Jerry Brown**: "I don't see how he'll win that Senate seat [**Hayakawa**'s]. There is a hatred here." Brown now trails two Republican contenders, **Barry Goldwater Jr.** and San Diego Mayor **Pete Wilson**, in the polls. . . . Familiar-face time in Minnesota, where Evans & Novak say **Eugene McCarthy** could run against millionaire **Mark Dayton** in Democratic senatorial primary, to face Republican Sen. **David Durenberger**.

■ Mexico apparently is planning to bring Gov. **Oscar Flores Tapia** of the state of Coahuila to trial on what would, in this country, be charges of corruption and graft. In Mexico it is called—"inexplicable enrichment."

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THE WEEK

■ Meanwhile, in Paris, Mr. Bani-Sadr charges that the United States arranged the seizure of the hostages itself, "to destroy our revolution." So? It worked, didn't it?

■ The Reagan Administration is proceeding at a politically judicious pace to dismantle costly and senseless affirmative-action regulations covering government contractors. The changes will exempt 12,624 of the 16,767 firms doing business with the government from affirmative-action programs, but 77 per cent of the total number of their employees will still be covered. One foot, other foot.

■ For 18 years, labor leaders have made a national issue out of the effort by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union to organize the J. P. Stevens company, a blue-jeans manufacturer in Rock Hill, S.C. Boycotts of Stevens products were organized. Hollywood joined in with *Norma Rae*, a hit movie about union organizing in Southern textile mills. Oops. On August 28, workers at the Stevens plant voted 433 to 229 against being represented by the ACTWU.

■ Amid the end-of-summer alarm sounded in Washington over continuing federal budget deficits, high interest rates, and a trillion-dollar national debt, a solution was propounded at a small conference assembled by the Center for Political Economy and Natural Resources at Montana State University. The Federal Government is sitting on a vast hoard of land holdings out West, their management subsidized by federal budget outlays. The effects of government policy concerning the land include not only uneconomic use of the resources, but actual damage to the ecology. Divestiture of the federal land and the transfer of mismanaged valuable resources into the tax base would provide needed revenues to balance both state and federal budgets, and maybe even help pay down the national debt. For the conservation-minded, Center directors John Baden and Richard Stroup argue that as the pressure to explore for strategic minerals becomes fiercer, private property will be a better protection for pristine wilderness than politics.

■ The latest polls on ERA confirm what everyone has known for some time: the Equal Rights Amendment is dead. There is no prospect that three more states—38 states are needed for passage—will approve it before the deadline expires. Less noted is that the latest constitutional amendment to wend its way through the ratification process is doing even worse. In three years, only ten states have approved an amendment to give Washington, D.C. state-status, and its own senators and congressman. Another 14 have rejected it; the remaining 26 have not been heard from, and probably won't be. Pointing out that since 1789 nearly seven thousand resolutions proposing constitutional amendments have been made in Congress, James Jackson Kilpatrick writes: "My hunch—and it can be nothing more—is that the American people simply are not much inclined toward amending the supreme law of the land. Something in the American character balks at fundamental changes in our political system. It may be native wariness. Laws may come and laws may go. But the Constitution is a different matter." At a less exalted level, another point can be made. For the past twenty years or more Washington—Big Brother—has been kicking state governments around. The kickees are finding, in the D.C. amendment, a good way to kick back.

■ Two steps forward and one step back on the civil-liberties front. The Pennsylvania Human Relations Commission has ruled that employers cannot discriminate against a mountain of blubber in their hiring. One 345-pound specimen, female, judged unfit for employment due to "morbid obesity," not only got the job but was awarded $20,000 in retroactive pay in the lardmark, uh, landmark ruling. The Michigan Civil Rights Commission, meanwhile, has ordered General Motors to stop the obnoxious practice of asking job applicants if they are subject to epileptic seizures, and to reinstate an employee who had been fired for lying about it. GM's argument that epileptics maybe should not handle heavy machinery was dismissed. Human rights, alas, got the worst of it at the federal level when a U.S. district court upheld the conviction of José Calderon for throwing eggs at John Anderson and other politicians at the National Governors Conference last year (he missed). Calderon argued unsuc-

Labor Day, NYC

While union members hit the streets
And, later, halls provided eats,
The labor chieftains wore a frown
As Ronald Reagan came to town
With over eighty million bucks
For Westway shovels, picks, and trucks.

W. H. von Dreele

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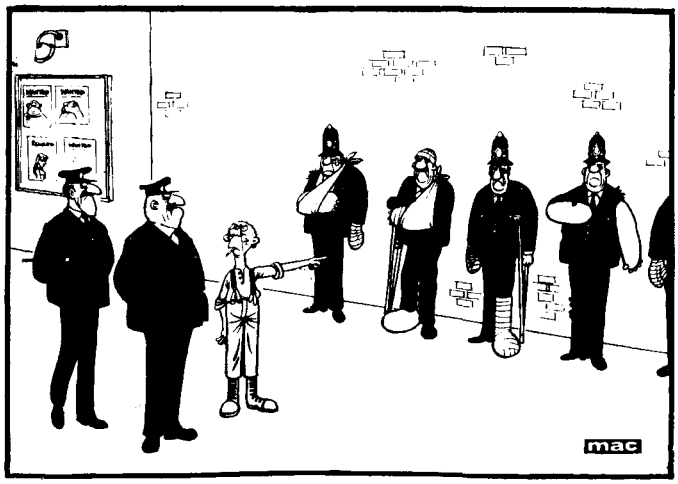

Mac, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"Yeah! That's the sadistic swine what slapped me."

cessfully that egg throwing is symbolic speech protected by the First Amendment.

■ Notwithstanding the inclusion of customary avowals of the right of national self-determination and the principle of non-intervention, France and Mexico's declaration on El Salvador represents a bid to take a hand in that beset country's future. The statement—a joint initiative by French President François Mitterrand and Mexican President José López Portillo—undertakes to confer standing on the guerrilla-led Salvadoran Left as "a representative political force" entitled to participate and to count in negotiations for settling that country's civil strife, and it calls for restructuring the country's armed forces as a necessary antecedent to "authentically free" elections. Implicitly, the language sets the two governments directly athwart the ruling junta's program for pacifying the country and restoring constitutional legitimacy. The apparent intention is to second leftist designs to repudiate projected elections in advance. The palpable effects, if any, are bound to be prejudicial to the United States' hopes for a re-establishing of civil order in El Salvador. A commendable rejoinder by Colombia and Venezuela with Argentina concurring—aptly critical of the Mitterrand-López Portillo pronouncement as an act of interference behind a pose of noninterference—is counted on to have some offsetting weight. López Portillo's role has caused no astonishment. Mexico is proverbially anti-Yanqui and its presidents incline to the Jacobin pose. Mitterrand's participation is regarded as just another indication of a proclivity for Social Democratic sentimentalizing in world affairs. France's failure to consult the U.S.—it gave minimal notice—has been duly noted in Washington.

■ A fish in milk is evidence, Thoreau said. So are Soviet military in Angola. Matters of importance turn on whether—as South Africa's Defense Minister Magnus Malan asserted—South African troops, in the course of their recent eight-day incursion into Angola against guerrilla base camps of the South West African People's Organization, did encounter Soviet soldiery, killing some and bringing back one as prisoner. An active Soviet hand in SWAPO designs to take over South West Africa—or Namibia, if you prefer—has often been alleged without being conclusively demonstrated. The victimization of innocence was the theme reflected in the UN Security Council resolution upbraiding South Africa for the Angolan incursion. Substantiation of Malan's allegations will have the effect of vindicating the U.S. decision to veto the resolution as one-sided.

■ Many close to the campus-agitational scene believe that El Salvador will provide the focus for trouble this fall. Secretary of State Alexander Haig has called attention to foreign interference there, France has joined Mexico in giving quasi-recognition to the insurgents, and the U.S. is stepping up aid to the government while looking ahead to elections. One more element, a key one, has been added to this now familiar equation: the Catholic Church, which contains many priests and intellectuals who are zealous for the leftist cause in El Salvador and elsewhere. There appears to be a good chance that we will see teach-ins and demonstrations on the campus, an alliance between pro-Left Church elements and secular revolutionaries, and serious acrimony within the American Catholic Church.

■ The world community has risen as one to denounce, deplore, reproach, excoriate, condemn, regret, and generally animadvert against South Africa's incursion into Angola. All South Africa needs to make it a respected member of the w.c. is a black dictator.

■ *Damn* that Qaddafi. Just as the Tony Lewis brigade was poised to "question" the Administration's Gulf of Sidra story—suspiciously like Lyndon Johnson's Gulf of Tonkin story, you know—the Libyan lunatic came right out and *said* he'd ordered his planes to attack. *Damn.* Will you just shut up, Muammar, and let *us* handle this?

■ Another ho-hum day in Iran. The Ayatollah Khomeini, in a speech to students, glorifies the peaceful Iranian revolution and has 14 people shot—"six coup plotters, four monarchists, three active members of the Mujahedin Khalq, and one pederast." The price of Iranians hardly even flickers in world markets, and trading is light.

■ The IRA diet appears to be sweeping through

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prisons everywhere with the speed of a brushfire. Among those who have refused food are Mark David Chapman, Abbie Hoffman, Christopher Boyce (the spy), and hundreds of humble "political" prisoners in El Salvador. So why is everybody fretting about overcrowding in the prisons?

■ And congratulations to Jeff Kemp, son of Jack Kemp, who has made the Los Angeles Rams as a quarterback.

■ Good news—we hope. The imposition of the generation-skipping tax, which was to take effect December 31, has been postponed for one year. How one skips a generation, and why it is to be taxed, we'd rather not even think about.

Giamatti's Bad Day

If A. Bartlett Giamatti were not so intelligent the whole thing would not matter. But Bart Giamatti, president of Yale and a scholar in the field of Renaissance literature, a notable wit, a fine writer, an administrator who has pointed to the convergence of interest between the academy and the private sector—well, Giamatti matters. And that is why his message to this year's entering Yale freshman class has to be dealt with.

In language of wild hyperbole, so unlike his usual manner, Giamatti addressed himself to the question of the Moral Majority: "A self-proclaimed 'Moral Majority' and its satellite or client groups . . . threaten the values [of the nation]. . . . Those voices of coercion speak not for liberty but for license, the license to divide in the name of patriotism, the license to deny in the name of Christianity. And they have licensed a new meanness of spirit in our land, a resurgent bigotry that manifests itself in racist and discriminatory postures, in threats of political retaliation, in injunctions to censorship, in acts of violence." Yale's prez was just getting warmed up: "From the maw of this 'morality' come those who presume to know what justice for all is; come those who presume to know which books are fit to read, which textbooks will serve for all the young; come spilling those who presume to know what God alone knows, which is when human life begins."

This diatribe, accusing him of "bigotry," probably surprised Reverend Falwell during one of his regular phone conversations with Menachem Begin, the two men sharing an interest in the Old Testament.

All kidding aside, the Moral Majority is a particular organization, not especially large or powerful, which is but one component of what may properly be called the "religious Right." In no instance that we know of, or that Bart Giamatti has specified, has the Moral Majority organization taken racist or bigoted positions. It has not advocated censorship or violence. It has pressed its positions in the political arena in much the same way as other groups that participate in the democratic process—labor unions, Common Cause, the Chamber of Commerce, NOW, the NAACP, etc. Such political participation must be what the prez of Yale means by "political retaliation." On the issue of "what God alone knows, which is when human life begins," the Moral Majority has its opinion, and it is surely entitled to it.

The really interesting question is why this normally careful and urbane man, Bart Giamatti, should thus have intellectually streaked in his message to the freshmen. His predecessors at Yale, for example, made every effort to "understand" the drives that energized the black militants in the Sixties, as well as gays and militant women. Why, in his message, was there no effort to understand the concerns of the religious Right? The religious Right poses no threat to Yale, let alone "the values" of America. It is concerned about religious belief and a whole range of important social issues which are certainly worth addressing.

In Bart Giamatti's fervent hyperbole we may have a clue to the cultural clashes of the Eighties—a quarrel not so much about "issues" as about cultural status and power, about who shall be the guardians of the symbolic environment. Interestingly, Giamatti is a Republican, and the quarrel may actually be fought out within the Republican Party, between, so to speak, its suburban and Sunbelt wings.

President Giamatti ought to regain his cool. With it, he would regain control over his language and not say things like "The tip of the iceberg grew in a way that sickened all decent Americans," in our view a Titanic metaphor.

Reaganomics: The Facts

Although rate reductions on personal income tax will not come into effect in any significant magnitude until July 1982, the President's economic program is already being declared a failure. On August 31, the *Los Angeles Times* editorialized that "it would be far less painful" to reverse course now and to raise taxes before the President's economic program gnaws away much longer at the economy and the American people. Even the *Wall Street Journal* seems to have gone over to spreading doubt about Reaganomics. In a front-page article (August 31) headlined "The President Fights for Credibility," the *Journal* reports the beginnings of the break-up of the Administration's economic team, in fear of the inflationary impact

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of underestimated budget deficits. The same day the *Journal*'s editorial page reported that indexing the income tax in Minnesota had got Republican Governor Al Quie in deep budget and political trouble, and, yes, "You can't help wondering: is there a parallel here to President Reagan?"

Of course, journalists often stretch the news in competing for the front page, and many of them are hostile to the philosophic changes implied by the President's economic policy. Still, the *Wall Street Journal*'s report of doubts within the Administration may be taken seriously, particularly in view of the Administration's statement that $30 billion will need to be cut from the 1983-84 defense budget.

Near as we can tell, the real story is as follows: the Office of Management and Budget is worried about having enough support to repeat its performance on the 1982 budget and come up with the promised budget reductions in 1983 and 1984. As a tactic for building support for the hard cutting, they are overdramatizing the problem of the deficit. The crescendo of doubt about the President's economic program that you hear is the sound of this tactic backfiring.

As for the reduction in the growth of defense spending, the U.S. hasn't had a meaningful war doctrine since 1945, and the new Administration has discovered that it is faced with making decisions to purchase weapons systems designed to comply with SALT rather than to defend the country. The Administration has got to figure out a war doctrine before it can rationally spend all that money on weapons systems. In other words, the rut is so deep that money alone can't dig us out of it.

The 1982 deficit is likely to be larger than the official $42.5-billion figure—in part because of congressional add-backs and add-ons to spending, and in part because inflation seems to be winding down faster than the Administration projected, despite the July aberration. Since the growth of tax revenues falls with the inflation rate, inflation can't be less than projected without the deficit being worse than projected. But that is not a budget defeat or a failure of Reaganomics.

Meanwhile the crescendo in the press feeds back to the Administration, raising doubts among the faint-hearted and undercommitted and making it harder to keep the President's economic program intact.

Busing Now

To date, on busing, the Administration has faced two easy choices, and in both cases it responded encouragingly. In St. Louis, the Justice Department took advantage of the language of court rulings to adopt a non-compulsory free-tuition plan to achieve desegregation. A bit defensive, but at least nobody's kids will be going to PS 132 against their will. Then in Chicago last week, the Justice Department reversed an earlier stand against a plan to attempt voluntary desegregation over a period of several years, granting a two-year postponement before mandatory busing plans are considered. However, both cases required only acquiescence from Justice. In the next few weeks, William French Smith will face the tougher decision: how to take an active stand against the court-ordered caravans. Several cases are on the docket right now that will, in short order, end either in successful federal intervention or in a court-imposed busing scheme. One of these—*Hoots* v. *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*—may provide the Justice Department an opportunity for strategic entry, either through the filing of an *amicus curiae* brief, or (stronger and probably more effective) by direct participation in the case.

The *Hoots* case arises from an obscure proposal, dating from a decade ago, to merge several school districts; its history is a stereotypical case of judicial overkill. When three communities were merged in the early Seventies, the State of Pennsylvania was sued for deliberate segregation. The state offered no defense; instead, local people began voluntarily drawing up new plans. Injunctions, countersuits, writs, and interested third parties intervened; but by mid-1980 the matter appeared to be solved: the plaintiffs, Hoots et al., had asked that a tuition plan be drawn up, and it was. Students from poor districts could, at an acceptably low cost, transfer out to any of the better schools in the area. No one would be forced anywhere.

Enter the NAACP and federal judge Gerald J. Weber, who said, no, the plan would not do: Pittsburgh's five major school districts, most of which were not even touched by the original suit, must all be merged at a cost of millions to the districts involved. This despite the fact that a nearly identical tuition plan had been accepted and was working in Indianapolis; this despite Weber's statement in 1979 that "no evidence exists of a deliberate, purposeful segregative intent in the creation of [the districts] that would sub-

Stand Fast, Mr. Volcker

As interest rates boil upward
  And stocks resume their slide,
Remember Mrs. Thatcher
  When grasping for a guide.
She loosened up the spigots,
  Responding to the screams,
And now a solvent Britain
  Is only in her dreams.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ject them to an inter-district plan to achieve racial balance."

The *Hoots* case thus provides solid grounds for intervention by the Justice Department on behalf of Pennsylvania: first, on the principle that mandatory re-districting and busing are not permissible when measures more effective and less coercive are available; second, on the grounds that only discriminatory *intent* justifies coercive corrective measures. The Justice Department has never entered a case on such grounds before, but there's a first time for everything.

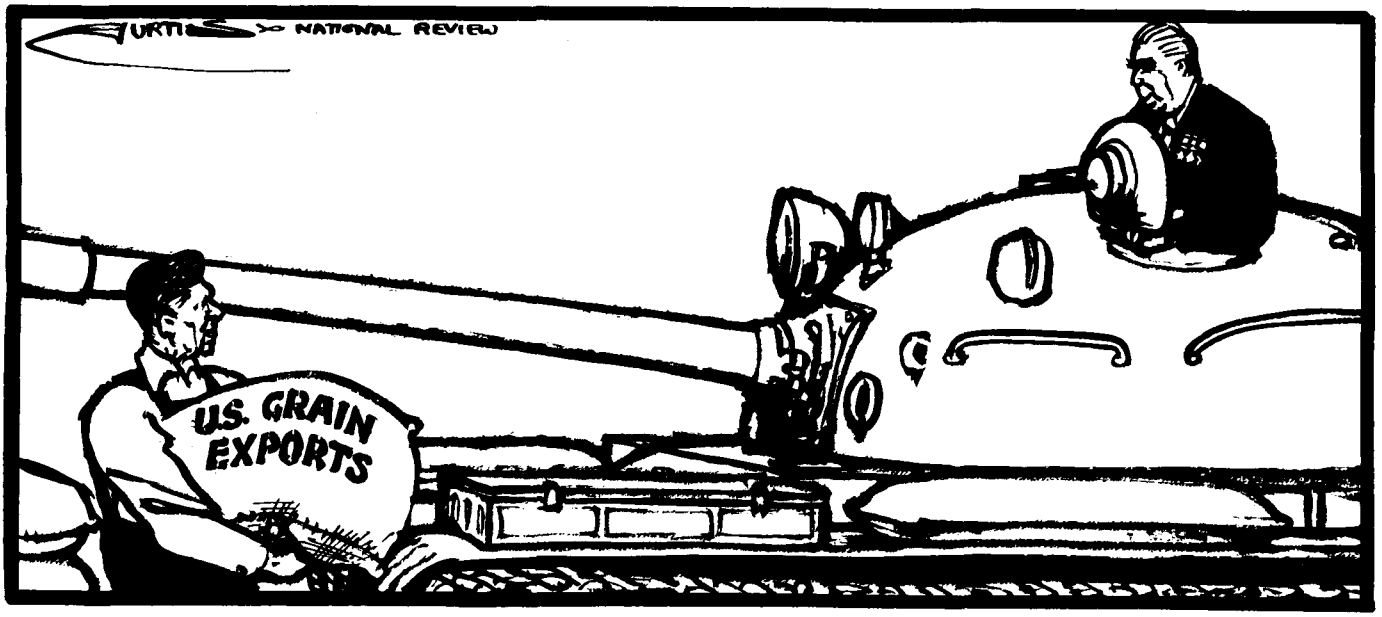
The Policeman's Lot

In the London *Economist*'s exultant words concerning the August 19 exchange of fire aloft over the Gulf of Sidra, "The world has a stern neighborhood cop again." The offense in that episode stemmed from the Libyan Revolutionary Council's decree of eight years ago asserting a far offshore tangent at 32° 30′ north latitude as the perimeter of Libya's inland waters and the base line for measuring an additional 12-mile-wide belt of coastal jurisdiction. The decree represented an unwarranted and unprecedented grab for exclusory control over thirty thousand to fifty thousand square miles of properly international waters plus pertinent air space. President Reagan acted rightfully in at last challenging the usurpation by authorizing the U.S. Sixth Fleet to traverse the area on maneuvers. The resulting encounter in the air presumably caught neither side unaware. Libya's SU-22s were all set to attack. The United States' F-14s were ready to retaliate by blowing the attackers out of the sky—and did.

It would be premature to note the outcome as conclusive. In *The Economist*'s extended metaphor, "The Sixth Fleet's exercise falls into the same category as driving a patrol car through Harlem"—a salutary thing to do but not of itself enough to quiet disorderly streets. Muammar el-Qaddafi, head of Libya's Revolutionary Council, has avowed an intention to avenge any further U.S. naval entry into the contested zone by rocketing U.S. nuclear installations in the NATO area. Not to try again in due time would tend to vindicate Qaddafi's bravado. Trying again might well bring matters to a dangerous crux.

The Soviet angle should be taken into account. In the pertinent words of Egyptian Defense Minister Abdel Halim Abu Ghazzala: "The Russians were behind Qaddafi, pushing him to intercept the F-14s. . . . The Russians pushed him to do it to find an excuse to become more involved in Libya, to bring more advisors and more Cubans. That's the way the Soviets follow up." The only element of implausibility there is the implication that Qaddafi needed an external push. What he and Libya have demonstrated since the overthrow of King Idris a dozen years ago this month is a plethora of pushiness.

Back to the August 19 combat: the matter of jurisdiction and the score—with Libya vainly claiming to have downed a U.S. plane—are at issue. The locus and the question of who fired first are not. No such degree of clarity attended the episode a week later involving a U.S. reconnaissance plane and a North Korean rocket. Circumstances—especially the distant miss—suggest that the other side was warning and testing rather than trying to hit. Other such incidents —with higher charges of danger—are to be expected in the vicinity. One must hope that the American media will correct the bad habit of referring to U.S.



"Fill 'er up, please."

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craft in such instances as "spy" planes or vessels—a term indicative of unlawfulness and clandestinity, wholly inappropriate for describing a reconnaissance mission that does not trespass.

Third Thoughts on the Bomb

In a recent issue of the liberal *New Republic*, Paul Fussell actually defends the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. What is radical, and refreshing, about Fussell's essay is not so much what he says as how he says it.

In August 1945, Fussell was a soldier in the U.S. Army—an infantryman. He was being trained for an invasion of mainland Japan that would have led to perhaps a million casualties on both sides. The men of the prospective invasion force knew what hand-to-hand combat meant, and they were afraid.

Fussell is not Kipling, and he has no wish to idealize the soldier's mission. On the contrary. The American troops were in the Pacific against their will, but by a necessity they accepted. It was us against them. And the Japs—Fussell risks the old term—were a ferocious lot, much as they were depicted in the propaganda films it has become fashionable to dismiss as "racist." If Japan is civilized today, it is because we won.

Harry Truman, the only recent President to have commanded small infantry units in combat, understood all this, and recognized, as Commander-in-Chief, his obligation to the common soldier to end the war. Japan, specifically including the people of Hiroshima, was warned in advance. The warnings were ignored. The bomb was dropped.

A hideous thing. But Fussell rages against the safe moralizing of such as "the scurrilous agitprop *New Statesman*," who have never faced the grim experience of weighing an enemy's life against one's own. The moralist's advantage is that his position allows him "to display the fineness of his moral weave," but it is an advantage denied to the fighting soldier. Fussell contemns it.

This is situation ethics with a vengeance. The lesson is that a responsible morality takes into account the real situation of the agent—as Harry Truman did.

On to Uranus

It is time, after a generation of pessimisms—Niebuhrian, Vietnam-era funkish, sentimental anti-modern—to take some fresh intellectual and spiritual pleasure in the achievements of the human mind.

As the planet Saturn recedes behind it and our Sun shrinks to a small globe of light, the Voyager 2 spaceship hurtles on toward the planet Uranus and the outer precincts of our solar system. If all goes well the 1,800-pound craft will arrive near Uranus in January 1986, covering another billion miles in four and a half years, putting it over two billion miles from home. Voyager 2 originally was to have gone no further than Saturn, but the scientists were able to take advantage of a rare alignment of planets to get an additional assist outward from Saturn's gravitational sphere.

Almost nothing is known about Uranus. It has rings. Its axis is peculiarly positioned. It seems to have water. But we will soon know a great deal more about it and perhaps about the history of the solar system—part way, as it happens, through Reagan's second term. That will be a nice complement to the magnificent flight of the space shuttle *Columbia* with which his first term began.

Footnote: According to a top NASA scientist, the Soviets have launched three manned moon probes. Two of them seem to have missed the moon by a wide margin and disappeared into space.

Rethinking Prisons

Three indisputable facts will shortly force us to rethink our entire approach to the imprisonment of criminals. One, violent crime is escalating. Two, we do not have enough jails. And, three, it is very expensive to maintain a prisoner in a cell—more than $20,000 per year. Right now, the taxpayers of New York are being asked to approve a $600-million bond issue to build some 4,500 new jail cells, and then pay what it costs to support their future occupants.

The utopian assumptions behind our prison system live on in the phrase "correctional system." Eighteenth century visionaries like Jeremy Bentham and William Godwin believed that crime was due to poor environment, and that the criminal could be reformed by being put in the better environment of a prison.

Now that the laughter has died away over that idea, we can face the analytical issue freshly. The only function of a prison is to protect society from the criminal, and that means the violent criminal.

The labor boss Anthony Scotto, a wealthy man, was recently sentenced to five years in the Danbury, Connecticut prison for receiving payoffs. But why should the taxpayers be feeding and housing Scotto? He is not a physical threat to anyone. He asked the judge to "sentence" him to teaching elementary school. If he returned the money in question and earned subsistence wages for five years, that would seem to make sense as far as society is concerned.

Jean Harris was convicted of murdering Dr. Herman Tarnower, but it is unlikely that she would shoot anyone else. It seems absurd that she should be maintained at the taxpayers' expense for the next 15 or twenty years. Why should Alger Hiss have gone to

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(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

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Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is hard to best. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE and postpaid simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires*. That way you'll be guaranteed no interruption in service, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

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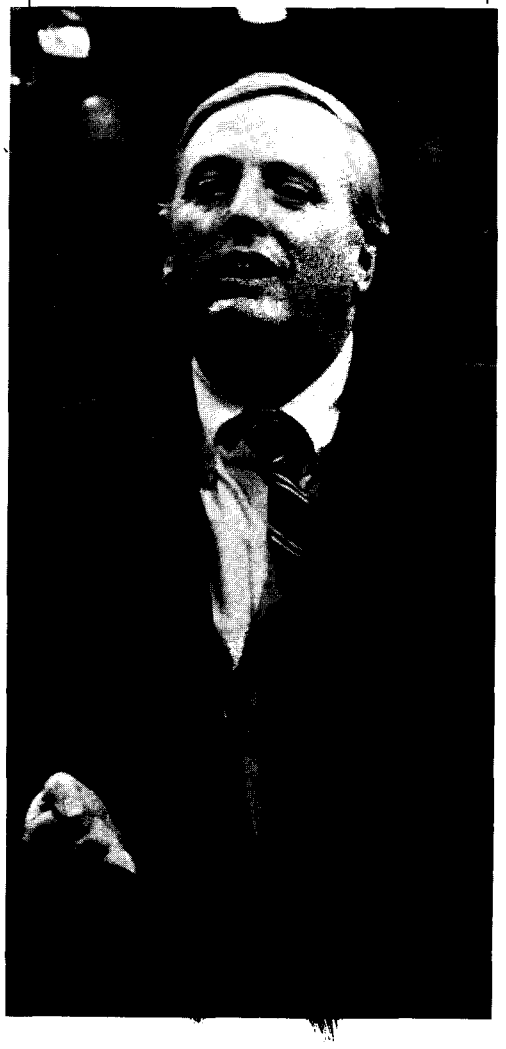
P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to* enter *your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette.*



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prison? Or John Mitchell? Or the tax evader? Penalties other than prison can easily be imagined, once we get rid of the antique utopian notions that underlie our "correctional system." Room reservations at taxpayers' expense should be available only for the dangerous criminal, from whom we would willingly pay to be protected.

Stop That Monument

Okay, we lost the Vietnam War. Okay, the thing was mismanaged from start to finish. But the American soldiers who died in Vietnam fought for their country and for the freedom of others, and they deserve better than the outrage that has been approved as their memorial in the nation's capital, to be placed between the magnificent Washington and Lincoln Memorials.

It was designed by Maya Ying Lin, a Yale undergraduate who in retrospect opposes U.S. involvement in that war. Her design calls for two black granite walls wedged into the earth in a large V shape, rather like low-lying retaining walls. This peculiar monument, moreover, is to be surrounded by contoured mounds of earth so that the visitor does not see it until he "stumbles upon it," the designer said. It is to seem, she went on, an unexpected, black "rift in the earth."

Keep calm, please. There is more to come.

On these black granite walls, the names of the 57,692 men who died in the war will be carved. Their names will not appear in alphabetical order, but according to the chronological sequence in which they died. The name of the war in which they died is not to be mentioned on this monument.

Our objection to this Orwellian glop does not issue from any philistine objection to new conceptions in art. It is based upon the clear political message of this design. The design says that the Vietnam War should be memorialized in black, not in the white marble of Washington. The mode of listing the names makes them individual deaths, not deaths in a cause: they might as well have been traffic accidents. The invisibility of the monument at ground level symbolizes the "unmentionability" of the war—which war, as we say, is not in fact mentioned on the monument itself. Finally, the V-shaped plan of the black retaining wall immortalizes the antiwar signal, the V protest made with the fingers.

Under the aegis of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, a jury composed of two architects, two landscape architects, three sculptors, and one design critic chose this design from some 14,000 entries. If it is constructed it will be a perpetual disgrace to the country and an insult to the courage and the memory of the men who died in Vietnam.

The Reagan Administration should throw the switch on this project, whether through executive action or a bill in Congress. If the current model has to be built, stick it off in some tidal flat, and let it memorialize Jane Fonda's contribution to ensuring that our soldiers died in vain. And let us memorialize with suitable sculpture—as if they had died at Gettysburg or the Ardennes—the Americans who gave their lives to their country and to history in Vietnam.

The Bond Salesman's Call

No long-term bonds today, young man;
  No, please don't put the phone on hold.
I'm finishing my Raisin Bran
  And now the Postum's getting cold.
Besides, I'm giving gold a try . . .
  That's right, I'm buying Krugerrands.
No tears now, sonny, please! Goodbye.
  Poor thing, he's only forty. Lands!

W. H. VON DREELE

Jazz Tennis

Some players do not flourish at the U.S. Open tennis tournament in Flushing Meadows, and it's easy to sympathize with them. This may be true of Bjorn Borg, who has never managed to win there. In style, the U.S. Open is a jazz band to Wimbledon's string quartet. You have to play beneath the deafening screech of jets flying just overhead—*Look! You can see the pilot!*—to land at La Guardia Airport. The crowd always seems to be moving, shoving, talking. Sometimes you have to play at night, under lights, the change in conditions making it almost a different tournament—and at night the crowd is full of drunks.

Perhaps John McEnroe, brought up in America, can take all of this a bit more readily. At any rate, he's attempting this year to become the first player since Tilden to win three consecutive U.S. championships.

There has been altogether too much beside-the-point analysis of Bjorn Borg's "decline," articles on whether this young millionaire is still "hungry" enough, etc. In fact, Borg's "decline" is directly traceable to the rise of McEnroe. On the computer, McEnroe has risen from 90.22 to 95.53 in one year; Borg has gone from 110.77 to 77.58. But the two players remain very close in a given match. Analysis of Borg's current Number Two status should forget about his state of mind and focus on his second serve, which too often falls a bit short in the box. In the later stages of the Wimbledon final, for example, McEnroe exploited this second

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serve of Borg's, coming to net on it almost at will. There was no one in the game three years ago able to do that, and it's enough in itself to make the wealthy Swede morose.

Norbert Muhlen, R I P

Norbert Muhlen's friends will always remember him as he was in what turned out to be his last years: genially weathered, mustachioed, pipe-puffing, nodding rapidly, laughing gently at the irony of things, which he always seemed to see before everyone else. He had lived constantly with ironies. He had to flee Germany as an enemy of the Nazis ("Muhlen" was the name he took as a refugee journalist to spare his family at home reprisals), and, when the Nazi army invaded France, he had to flee again, this time dodging the wrath of Frenchmen in no mood to make fine distinctions among Germans. In America he found himself respected as the author of a book about Hitler's financial wizard Hjalmar Schacht, but the Americans too were disposed to treat Germany, rather than just Nazism, as the foe. After the war he declined a high post in the Adenauer government, preferring to stay here to promote German-American amity. He helped organize the American Committee (and, later, the Congress) for Cultural Freedom, meanwhile writing brilliant popular books, including the best-selling *The Incredible Krupps*. But irony struck again when he showed, in *The Survivors*, a democratic Germany in which Jews could live safely and happily, for which impertinence the New York Left smeared him as a Nazi apologist and arranged a near-total blacklisting of him in the American media. Among the few English-language publications to be graced by his recent work was NATIONAL REVIEW, which joins his wife, our art critic Ruth Berenson, in mourning the loss of his brave and kindly heart, and in honoring a man so good as to make great achievement and great adversity too small to measure him.

Roger Baldwin, R I P

Roger Baldwin is dead, but not by much. He lived 97 happy and scrappy years, defending countless underdogs with a fierce gallantry that occasionally forgot how much some of them deserved to be under. Born of a Boston Brahmin family, Unitarian persuasion, he found it hard to doubt the virtues of doubt, and it took him a long time to discover that undermining established institutions could lead to the establishment of worse. From its inception the American Civil Liberties Union, which he should not be excessively blamed for founding, included Communists on its governing board. Baldwin had a long fellow-traveling phase, during which he went so far as to say that once the working class has achieved power, as in the Soviet Union, the need for civil liberties is sharply reduced. But the Soviet-Nazi alliance changed his mind, and he forced Communist board members to resign. For more than a decade thereafter the ACLU maintained a cogent, if dubious, position, and Baldwin seems to have been pained, in his retirement years, by the organization's degeneration into a leftist lobby, though he loved his child too much to chide its waywardness publicly. He amicably helped Douglas MacArthur frame Japan's postwar constitution. His love of freedom, though flawed, was deeply American, and his country will miss him.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your recent paean to peanut butter has prompted me to let you know about my own favorite use of the stuff. As a child, I was getting bored with the standard peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. So one day, while on a camping trip, I added Kraft Cheez Whiz to the usual ingredients. It was great! It has since become one of my favorite sandwiches. I named it the Caseville Special, because that was the name of the town we were camping near. Through experimentation, I have discovered that: 1) The type of bread doesn't matter, although it shouldn't be too crumbly. 2) Jelly works better than preserves. 3) Apply the jelly to one slice, the peanut butter to another, and the Cheez Whiz over the peanut butter.

If you find this combination too ghastly, just consider it a fair trade for Buckley's Salt Water Fudge.

Sincerely,
Robert A. Thatcher
Ferndale, Mich.

Dear Mr. Thatcher: I propose to ignore that last crack. (Salt Water Fudge!) . . . Only people who put Cheez Whiz on their peanut butter would say a thing like that! WFB

P.S.: This column is officially closed to any further reference to peanut butter or fudge, or a blend of the two.

P.P.S.: Have you tried Red Wing peanut butter? Run, don't walk.

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■ Dear Bill:

Enclosed please find a copy of a letter, dated July 17, 1981, from Professor James P. Butler, which merits the immediate attention of the United States Postal Service.

Yours sincerely,
Roger Allan Moore
[General Counsel, Republican National Committee]
[Chairman, Board of Directors, National Review, Inc.]
Ropes & Gray
Boston, Mass.

Dear Roger:

You will recall our short colloquy last Epiphany on the various ways in which logic is used by those whose persuasion is law as distinct from those in mathematics. Herewith I offer what I trust will be an illustrative example of the manner in which, as a professional mathematician, I employ the logical method.

Consider the recent proposal of the U.S. Postal Service to use nine-digit Zip codes. A simple calculation, assuming a population of 226 million (Census Bureau estimate), reveals that each person in the country should be entitled to something over four Zip codes. This is certainly an attractive idea in several respects. My own household, with 16 codes, could use them in a great variety of ways. The front and back doors, not to mention the cellar entrance, could have separate codes. Junk mail could be delivered directly to a trash can. We could even have a code for the cat. (However, I am at a loss how we could best use all 16 codes.) Now this calculation has been done assuming a figure for the population, and a figure for the number of nine-digit codes. Yet the Postal Service claims that there will be, on average, not four codes per person, but one code per block! How, then, can we logically resolve this apparent paradox?

Let us assume, for the sake of simplicity, that there are around fifty people per block. This yields around 4.5 million blocks in the country; using the Postal Service's figure of one code per block, we are left with the conclusion that there are around 4.5 million different nine-digit numbers. It is possible, of course, that those bureaucrats who engage in calculations of this sort are simply stupid, but for the sake of humanity, let us dismiss this possibility at least for the moment (*vide infra*). By contrast, a very attractive possibility suggests itself, assuming only that the calculating bureaucrats, while not stupid, studied New Math. This hypothesis implies that they are conversant with various number bases. A further calculation reveals that one can indeed have nine digits yielding some 4.5 million codes if radix 5.5 is used. (The use of non-integral radices implies that their studies must have included Advanced New Math.)

Our logic has thus enabled us to make some sense of the Postal Service's mathematical claims, with the attendant requirement that they are using radix 5.5. One must ask why they chose that particular number, rather than some other. Why, indeed, is ten the radix we initially assumed, and tend to use as a rule? People who think profound thoughts on this subject suggest that the connection between the number ten and the number of digits we have on both hands is not accidental. The inexorable workings of logic then require us to conclude that the proposers of the nine-digit code have, on average, between five and six digits on both hands, rather than ten. This observation suggests that there may be some interesting genetic pooling in Washington. (One wonders if a federally funded grant might be obtained to study this.) The two-toed sloth (*Bradypus didactylus*) is an intriguing possibility for genetic contamination of *H. sapiens*. Continuing the calculations, I find that an approximate mix of 25 per cent *H. sapiens* and 75 per cent *B. didactylus* yields creatures that might, on average, sport between five and six digits on both hands. (Of course, other species may, *mutatis mutandis*, be involved in the genetic contamination, but some can be logically excluded. For example, the three-toed sloth, *B. tridactylus*, is not a suitable candidate, since six is a lower bound for the number of digits regardless of mixing ratio.) These conclusions regarding the genetic structure of Washington fauna are supported by at least two independent observations. First, the celerity with which the bureaucracy moves is consistent with a strong genetic input from *B. didactylus*. The second is a profound theorem, enunciated by Professor J. Miller of Pomona College, after years of study. In its now standard form, the theorem states quite unequivocally that bureaucrats (of which those engaged in calculations for the Postal Service are a subset) are "just recently descended from the trees."

I hope this small sample of mathematical logic has helped in clarifying the distinctions we had discussed. Feel free to reply with any counter-hypotheses you feel might merit further consideration. With warmest regards, I remain

Very truly yours,
James P. Butler, PhD
Assistant Professor of Biomathematics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

■ Sir:

1. You look sloppy, your shirt needs washing and pressing.
2. Take your hand away from your face!
3. Try to speak clearly . . . you mumble!
4. Your program is badly run . . . ill prepared.

Try to improve, which might be difficult for you.

Mike McNeil
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. McNeil: For me to improve would be not only difficult, but impossible. Cordially, —**WFB**

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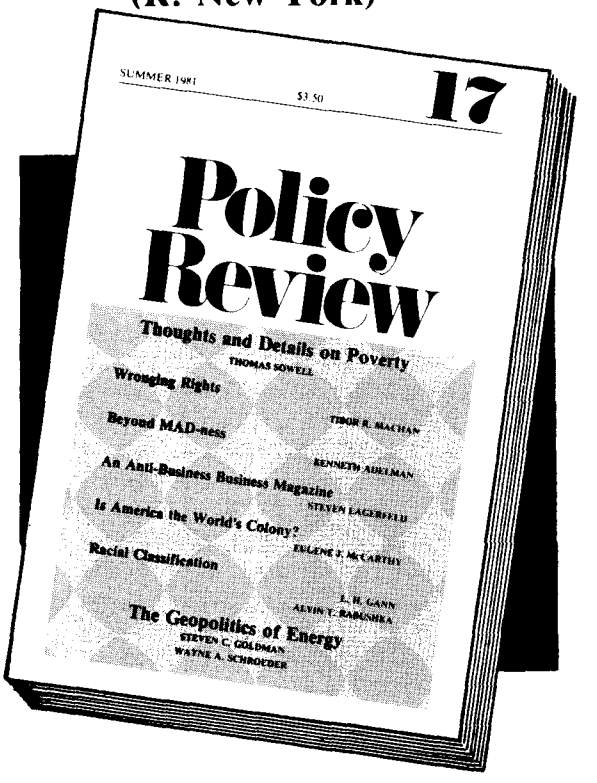

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The Current WISDOM

Rich Folks

NEAL B. FREEMAN

The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care
of Heav'n.

—Alexander Pope

SAY WHAT you will about Alexander Pope, he was no supply-sider. If he were serving today as poet laureate of the GOP, and why bloody not, he would probably be most comfortable nestled in among the Rockefellers and Scrantons, the Heinzes and Weickers—men made more or less happy by the plenty giv'n. Ronald Reagan, it seems reasonable to suppose, would make him nervous. Very nervous.

It is the contention from this soapbox that Reagan's principal achievement to date can be seen in the new contours of our national self-image. In the brief span of his incumbency, we have inched away from an egalitarian society in the direction of a merit society. Note the evolving language of the Reagan era. The unassuming word "incentive" now carries the force of a paralyzing dart; and the word "redistributionism" brings groans from the highly informed. (At last, our own code words!) The entrepreneur has reclaimed his place in the national imagination, and economic growth has been accorded the presumption of innocence. It may be no more than a flirtation with the truly free society, and then again it may be the beginning of a real change in American life. That we have come even this far, however, is evidence of the particular contribution of Ronald Reagan. He was poor and God-fearing, but he did not content himself with the care of Heav'n. He preferred to be rich and God-fearing, and his subsequent witness to the supply-side faith is more compelling than a billion Rockefeller benefactions.

Paradoxically, it is precisely this association with the rich that the press knights say will push Reagan into political hot water. They recall the Inauguration as a metaphor for conspicuous consumption, and, in truth, it did seem to offer a bizarre competition in baubles, bangles, and beads. They point to the family friends, many of whom did in fact ride one California trend or another to flashy wealth. And they note the fiscal patterns of the first two hundred days—tax cuts for the rich, budget cuts for the poor. It adds up, they say, to a political problem. The public opinion surveys seem to concur: Reagan's *for* the rich and *against* the poor.

What the press knights are overlooking is the difference between envy and resentment. The point is nicely illustrated by a story Herman Kahn used to tell about a visit to the Rockefeller estate. As Kahn was driven around the estate, one of the Rockefeller brothers pointed out the riding trails, the airstrip, the tennis courts, the sundry mansions, the not-so-tiny village constructed for the help, the seven-figure bric-a-brac. Turning reflective for a moment, the Rockefeller brother opined, with more than a hint of anxiety, that passersby must resent bitterly his family's wealth. It was left to Kahn to explain that the average American spends less than five seconds per year grinding his teeth over Rockefeller wealth. The average American, said Kahn, is inflamed by the desire to add $10,000 to his annual income, not $10 million. Quite so. There is much envy of the Rockefellers, but little resentment. Their example provides an economic spur, not a source of social unrest.

BUT IF Americans at large *envy* the Rockefellers, they *resent* the source of much of their wealth—Exxon. Indeed, all of big business has earned the deep-seated suspicions of the public. The distinction between free enterprise and big business, frequently blurred in Administration policy, is perfectly clear to the general public. They know intuitively that while big business continues to pay its debt to free-enterprise rhetoric, in the quiet moments before dawn it wants nothing more than to be AT&T.

Entrepreneurial capitalism, by contrast, is enjoying both a boom and a vogue. It is creating most of the new jobs and most of the genuinely innovative products in our economy. It thus represents the central hope of Reagan's economic recovery plan. If supply-side economics is to work, it will have to work, well, on the supply side.

Against this background, the political problem the Administration is creating for itself can be seen clearly. Take the matter of accelerated depreciation schedules, for which Reagan has plumped enthusiastically. They are of use only to those who already have capital to invest. I.e., big business. Then take the related matter of interest rates. Even at rates of 18-plus, IBM has no problem raising money. The government of the City of New York has no problem. But how about the entrepreneur? How about the small public company? In a word that does no justice to their plight, they have a problem.

Which leads us to the bankruptcy rate. During the first six months of this year, bankruptcies increased by 21 per cent over the previous year, business reorganizations by 36 per cent. Those bankruptcies and reorganizations were small businesses, little guys squeezed out of the market. Those were the same guys who voted for Ronald Reagan and upon whom he is relying to re-energize the economy. Denied their daily bread, they stare sullenly at the circus: a corporate stampede for Conoco, in which the ripoff for legal fees alone is said to have run to $20 million.

We suspect that economic understanding in this country would be instantaneously elevated if all rich people would just report to the U.S. Treasury one Monday morning, there to apply every last dime they had to the liquidation of the national debt. It would be a cathartic democratic scene: Mellons, Duponts, Perots, and Paoluccis all jostling in a bureaucratic queue with blond newspersons asking impertinent questions. The point would be quickly grasped that, as a matter of statistical reality, the rich are irrelevant in our middle-class economy. We would learn also in that moment how much we wish to preserve the *right* to be rich. And our national leadership would learn that the disabling political indiscretion lies not in favoring the would-be rich over the hopeless poor, but in favoring the large over the small. □

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Britain and the Continent

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

BRITAIN IS much in the headlines these days, with economic problems as well as the riots which, on the Continent, are referred to as "civil war." However, while beset by problems at home and with her Common Market "partners," Britain has at last achieved a close understanding with the United States. This has not been the case for a very long time, and it augurs well for relations with the Continent too.

What about Britain and Europe (as many Britons would still phrase it)? The English have never thought of themselves as Europeans, and have had profoundly ambivalent feelings toward Continentals, let alone other nations and races. "Wogs," the saying went, "begin at Calais." Lloyd George declared that foreigners are "queer devils," and Stanley Baldwin, after his resignation, remarked how delighted he was that he would never have to speak to a foreigner again. Britons are instinctively convinced that they are both different from and superior to their neighbors, although they would never press the point if challenged, feeling it both rude and unnecessary to insist.

For let us make no mistake: compared to the Continentals, the British are a rather virtuous and moralizing people—even though they can also be quite hypocritical and, on occasion, boundlessly cynical. But hypocrisy is the compliment vice pays to virtue, and one has to admit that "fairness" is an English word with no equivalent in Continental languages.

Anglomanias

Britain has played a unique role in world history—politically and militarily, obviously, but also in cultural matters. Just because Britain is in fact different (even if not truly superior), she attracted the attention of everyone else. And because of the amazing variety of English types, many sorts of Anglomania developed: there was an aristocratic Anglomania and a bourgeois one; an Anglomania of Protestants and even one of Catholics, plus, of course, a Jewish one; an Anglomania of socialists and trade unionists, of conservatives and of liberals, of homosexuals and of feminists, of tailors and of poets, of sportsmen, of sailors, of engineers. Everybody could have his own kind of Anglomania because Britain produced giants in almost every field: Newton and Newman, Gladstone and Churchill, Adam Smith and Keynes, Shelley and Shakespeare, Fulton and Lister, Wellington and Montgomery. Continental society, meanwhile, greatly admired the *milord anglais* who traveled with his wife and handsome daughters.

But all this has changed. The Empire is gone, and the *milord* has been replaced by people who drop their *h*'s. At home, strikes abound, and the slogan "British Goods Are Best" is no longer true. And various ghosts lurk in the background: the race question, the problem of Northern Ireland, the Scottish and Welsh nationalists, and, last but not least, the Left trade-unions, who may succeed (where Hitler failed) in ruining Britain.

Of course, there has been a certain change of heart and mind in England since Margaret Thatcher brought about a Conservative revival, and many people recently admired this well-dressed lady on television, talking to the King of Saudi Arabia, for whose sake she had donned a chic little veil. The problems she faces are nearly all inherited from former governments, mostly from socialist ones. Ireland is the most burning question. In addition, the colored people now residing in Britain, all of them very difficult to assimilate, are contributing to the high unemployment rate, and the economic situation is serious. Finally, there are the relatively new ties to Europe, through the Common Market and related enterprises.

In a way, these European ties are problematic, and at the present moment they encounter more opposition in Britain than in Europe. Some opponents belong to the Right; more to the Left. Genuine Laborites reject them outright, while the newly organizing Social Democrats favor them. Most, but not all, Conservatives are for them, although they do not always find it easy to abandon their time-honored stance of splendid isolation; and where this feeling lingers, "anti-Europeanism" has a nationalistic, xenophobic character. In addition, the Continent west of the Iron Curtain is predominantly Catholic, and therefore especially alien to most Britons. Then there is the question of non-Communist socialism. M. Mitterrand's socialism is of a hue still unfamiliar in Britain, and his words so far have been less pleasing to the old-line Left Laborites than to the emerging Social Democrats.

Superior and Inferior

To all of this one must add the inner insecurity of many Britons vis-à-vis the Continent. Traveling there, the average Englishman feels superior and inferior at the same time, and insularity is very often at the bottom of his ambivalence. Kaunitz, Maria Theresa's Chancellor, once exclaimed: "It is incredible how little the English know about Europe!"

And how do Continentals today react toward the British? They very rarely think about them. Their eyes are fixed not on the UK, but on the USSR and the U.S.A., or, perhaps, on the UAE—United Arab Emirates. For a time, Britain was flooded with tourists from the Continent who bought British goods in quantity when the prices were low and the pound was too. But to have Britain in the Common Market is no longer reassuring. Even culturally, very little now comes from Britain to the Continent—a few novels, a few plays, a few musicals. Still, the great cultural crisis is not the sad privilege of Britain: it engulfs all of Europe, perhaps because life there is too easy.

Britain is apparently determined to arm properly but is not ready to introduce conscription. No more is the United States. The Anglo-Saxons (as Britons and Americans are called on the Continent) have always been slow to take this highly democratic measure introduced into Western civilization by the French Revolution. But could an onslaught from the East be thwarted by volunteers who do not necessarily represent the cream of these great nations? Can technology alone make up for this weakness? History will tell. □

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CAMPUS '80s

A pair of dauntless Dartmouth students describe what led them to take on the administration: how provocation from the Left led to response from the Right. Watch it: this next year could be crucial

Dartmouth's Restoration

GREGORY A. FOSSEDAL & DINESH D'SOUZA

MOVEMENTS OF NATIONAL importance have a way of springing up on the college campus, and the counter-revolution now under way at Dartmouth College may prove to be the first sprouting of such a movement. Conservative students and alumni have founded a weekly newspaper, *The Dartmouth Review*, that has drawn attention from the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Newsweek*, and the *New York Times*, and they have already placed one member of their group on Dartmouth's Board of Trustees. If their tactics are emulated, the revolt at Dartmouth could spread through the Ivy League and across the country.

The Dartmouth Review

Nemo me impune lacessit

FREE

Is Western Culture

...Being Destroyed With The Fetus?

During the late Sixties/early Seventies, if you walked onto a college campus you risked being greeted by bizarre sights. It was the age of radical activism—a period that has since achieved the status of a kind of cultural legend. Yet there was more to the radical campus movement than its offensiveness. At the root was a visceral loathing of those values and institutions which in some way attached themselves to The System: family, work, profit, achievement, community pride, church.

The Sixties anti-achievement ethos did not bypass the Ivy League. It established the same hegemony in Cambridge and New Haven that it did in Madison and Berkeley. The students and faculty members who fought The System became . . . The System. One would nevertheless expect a certain tension to develop at the schools whose graduates included men like T. S. Eliot, John Kennedy, Woodrow Wilson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Nelson Rockefeller, Theodore Roosevelt, Dean Acheson, Henry Kissinger. The Ivy League schools were founded, and continue to exist, as private institutions —heavily dependent on successful alumni for their financial support.

Were Harvard alumni paying to support a school that booed an alumnus, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, off the podium before he could speak? Was the Yale businessman paying to support a university that discouraged free enterprise in its choice of faculty, curriculum, and speakers? If there was no difference between Princeton and Ohio State, why did Princeton exist?

William F. Buckley Jr. anticipated some of these questions in his first book, *God and Man at Yale*. In the thirty years since Buckley's book was published, it has produced serious thought but little serious action. Efforts to organize alumni to fight for their schools failed at Harvard and Yale, and achieved only moderate success at Princeton. It took the firing of a conservative newspaper editor, a bitterly fought alumni vote for trustee, and the election of Ronald Reagan to cause an eruption at the Ivy League's most conservative school, Dartmouth College. Like their predecessors—Cardinal Newman at Oxford, William F. Buckley Jr. at Yale, the Vietnam protestors of the Sixties—the new student activists at Dartmouth have designs on The System.

The Last Shall Be First

If Hanover has been the first to react against the upheavals of the Sixties, it was the last to feel them. Dartmouth is unique among Ivy League schools in its isolation from the rest of the world: about 90 per cent of the people in Hanover, N.H. are there because of the college. Fierce loyalties develop, and whatever was going on in the rest of the world, Dartmouth men continued to revel in New Hampshire's bucolic foothills, to cheer for the great football teams of Bob Blackman, and to raise a song to the college's celebrated founder, Eleazar Wheelock—

Oh, Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man,
He went into the wilderness to teach the Indian,

Mr. Fossedal, a 1981 graduate of Dartmouth, is working this summer on the White House speechwriting staff. Mr. D'Souza is the editor of The Dartmouth Review.

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With a "Gradus ad Parnassum," a Bible and a drum,
And five hundred gallons of New England rum . . .

In fact, it wasn't until 1971 that the Sixties came to Hanover, but when they came, they came with sound and fury. Conservative Dartmouth selected as its 13th president a man singularly unqualified to lead it: a mathematician, computer expert, and Princeton graduate who, prior to accepting a teaching job in Hanover, had, he said, "never heard of Dartmouth." This was John G. Kemeny. Within two years, Kemeny's administration had turned Dartmouth and old Eleazar upside down.

When Richard Nixon announced renewed bombings of North Vietnam and incursions into Cambodia, Kemeny canceled classes and asked alumni, in a mass mailing, "Was the nationwide student outrage so unreasonable?"

When liberal faculty members began to complain about Dartmouth's "oppressively" all-male atmosphere, Kemeny carefully orchestrated a report to the College's Board of Trustees calling for coeducation, and within a year, Dartmouth was admitting its first women. As a concession to alumni who opposed this move, Kemeny instituted the so-called Dartmouth Plan, a smorgasbord approach to education under which nearly a third of the student body and faculty leaves the school every ten weeks. Touted as a "brilliant educational experiment," the plan led to a tremendous increase in the school's bureaucracy, eroded the traditional Dartmouth spirit, undermined the coherence of the curriculum, and has yet to be imitated at any other college or university of note—so much for the brilliant experiment.

Most importantly, Kemeny soon developed a hair-trigger responsiveness to any group of students or faculty that could lay claim to victim status. Being traditionally conservative, Dartmouth was especially vulnerable to the guilt-trip approach to minorities pushed by certain students, professors, and administrators. Meanwhile, the businessmen and doctors and lawyers who populate Dartmouth's Board of Trustees were generally satisfied to fly in to Hanover, accept the recommendations of their administration, and fly back to Winnetka to remind their friends to write out a check to the alumni fund. They were ill at ease with the radicals but they were expert at diverting their gaze.

Accordingly, Dartmouth began caving in to the demands of virtually any group that could organize five people to wear an armband or sign a petition. The school lowered its high standards of admission for blacks, Indians, Mexican-Americans, and other "victims." It set up special courses of study for those victims: Black Studies, Women's Studies, Native-American Studies. It funded and provided office space for an all-black newspaper, an all-black social club, an all-black dormitory; for a feminist newspaper, a feminist lesbian club, a feminist resource center; for a Native-American social club; and so on. Smelling success, new victim groups joined in the parade: even the Gay Students' Alliance was demanding special recognition from the Dartmouth administration as representing one category of the oppressed.

Dartmouth alumni, being a loyal bunch, stomached this and much more throughout the early and middle Seventies. One of Kemeny's first actions, however, continued to smoulder among the alumni: his attempt, starting in 1971, to eradicate the college's beloved Indian symbol. Suddenly here was the school that was founded on a grant from King George III to teach the Indian and the settler together being told it must give up the Indian symbol and all related cheers and songs, even "Eleazar Wheelock." With a missionary zeal, the Dartmouth administration strove to stamp out the sale of Indian T-shirts, jackets, and jewelry, items that continued to thrive on the underground market.

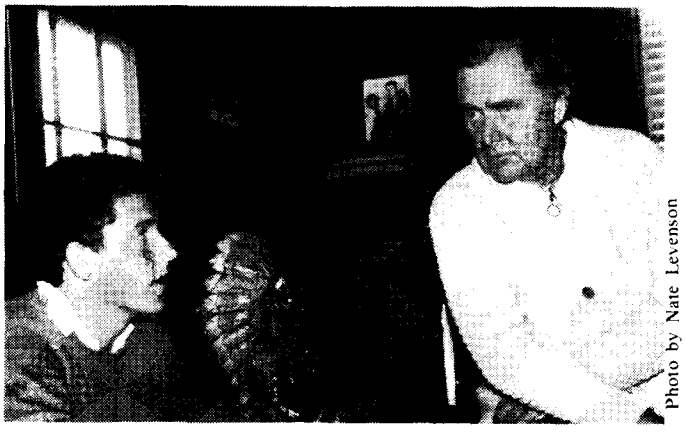

Photo by Nate Levenson

From left to right: Keeney Jones, the Dartmouth Indian, and Jeffrey Hart

The Dartmouth administration was sitting on a keg of dynamite: Indians on campus were demanding that the symbol be wiped out; but among other students and the alumni, it would not go away. In March of 1979, two students dressed as Indians skated out between periods of a hockey game. The school's disciplinary committee, which had already achieved fame in Hanover as a local, liberal version of the Spanish Inquisition, voted to suspend the students for a year, on charges of committing an act of "emotional violence" upon Indians in the crowd. The campus erupted at the decision; once again, classes were canceled. And Dartmouth alumni had had enough.

The Dartmouth Proportion

The constitutions of most colleges and universities contain obscure clauses allowing for the direct election of trustees in the extreme case that enough alumni can rouse themselves to write letters or sign petitions to force such an election. Dartmouth differs from its sister schools in the Ivy League only in the matter of proportions. At Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, and the rest, the Board of Trustees exceeds forty members, only a handful of whose seats can be contested in an alumni election. Dartmouth College is operated by a 14-member Board. Seven of those Board seats are open to a direct election contest.

No serious challenge for one of those seats had ever been mounted at Dartmouth, but in the spring of 1979, in the aftermath of the Indian skater incident, and after eight years of academic mismanagement, several hundred Dartmouth alumni banded together to place in nomination the name of John Steel, a successful California surgeon who stood against most of what the Dartmouth College administration stood for.

The immediate effect of the Steel candidacy on the Dartmouth administration calls to mind images of chickens without heads, of stockbrokers and windows, of lemmings and

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the sea, of Gadarene swine. It went against the assumed role of Dartmouth alumni for there to be serious talk of a trustee election in which a candidate stood, of all things, for the Dartmouth Indian, for a traditional curriculum, and for a less frantic academic calendar. Dartmouth alumni were supposed to be the ball, not the bat: the object of semi-annual fund-drives, professionally designed by Dartmouth's well-staffed office of alumni relations. When the administration wanted alumni opinion, it gave it to them.

Such appeared to be the administration's first thought. Their second thought was sobering: most Dartmouth alumni were likely to vote for Steel.

The two reactions fused into a policy of desperation. The Dartmouth administration, from Kemeny on down, determined to take whatever steps were necessary to ensure Steel's defeat. When the group that nominated Steel submitted a statement of his beliefs to be printed with the ballot, that statement was passed on to Steel's opponent, the better to prepare his own. Still not satisfied with the results, the Secretary of the College rearranged paragraphs, headlines, and sentences in the Steel statement. The original statement was restored only after Steel retained counsel and threatened an injunction. Endorsements and factual assertions in the statement were challenged; Steel was branded dishonest and inaccurate by the supposedly impartial administrators running the election; ballots were opened prior to the official counting date, with none of Steel's appointed representatives present. This was the response of the Dartmouth administration to the apocalyptic prospect of a free election among the Dartmouth alumni.

The response of the Dartmouth alumni was to elect Steel a trustee of Dartmouth College by a healthy margin.

Insurrection at Robinson Hall

Meanwhile, back in Hanover, a group of students had been planning an insurrection of their own. The uprising began in the stately corridors of Robinson Hall, home of what is allegedly America's oldest college newspaper, *The Dartmouth*. At about the same time that alumni began to mail in their petitions for Dr. Steel, the board of proprietors of *The Dartmouth* met to select the paper's most controversial editor in decades, Gregory Fossedal.

College officials had for a long time been accustomed to demure attacks from the student paper, which generally stood politically close to the various victim groups on campus. The leading issues propounded by the paper in preceding years had included such hot topics as disvestiture of South African stock holdings, the proposed opening of a new student snack bar, and the need for more affirmative action for minorities and equal-access admissions for women. The attacks fell well within the realm of accepted thought at Dartmouth: they were, in a way, appreciated by a Kemeny administration itching to be pushed to the left, ever to the left.

Under Fossedal, the paper became a daily gadfly. The news focus changed, to the administration's dismay, to include such issues as the growth of the administration, the crazy calendar, the failure of Dartmouth to produce an undergraduate Rhodes scholar in nearly a decade, and the low pay received by Dartmouth faculty members. Noting the huge increase in administrative staff since Kemeny's appointment, an editorial suggested that "maybe President Kemeny should appoint a few deans to study the matter." One month later, the paper went all the way, demanding Kemeny's resignation. The month after that, Kemeny announced he would be stepping down by August of 1981.

College newspapers have a reputation for unrestrainedly aggressive journalism, so one might have expected Fossedal's colleagues at *The Dartmouth* to jump for joy when their paper suddenly became the center of attention on campus. One might have expected it, but one did not find it at the left-leaning *Dartmouth*. Fossedal's initiatives were tolerated rather than appreciated. Then, on the eve of Steel's election victory, Fossedal wrote a column supporting Steel's candidacy, and his initiatives were no longer tolerated. He was removed as editor-in-chief by the paper's publisher, and within two weeks the paper's board of directors had met to ratify the decision. Had Fossedal been banished for being a homosexual or a radical leftist, there would have been riots; but as it was, the campus hardly beat an eyelash.

During that same two-week period, Fossedal met with the most talented members of his staff to prepare to fight for his position before the board. By the time this meeting had ended, however, Fossedal and his group had decided instead to found a paper of their own, and within two weeks they managed not only to lure most of the talented writers and business minds from the sagging daily, but to publish a special issue for Dartmouth's commencement which included articles by William F. Buckley Jr., Jeffrey Hart, and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Before that first issue hit the stands, however, the students were in for their first taste of strong-arming from officials of their own college.

Dartmouth had always put up with conservatism, but

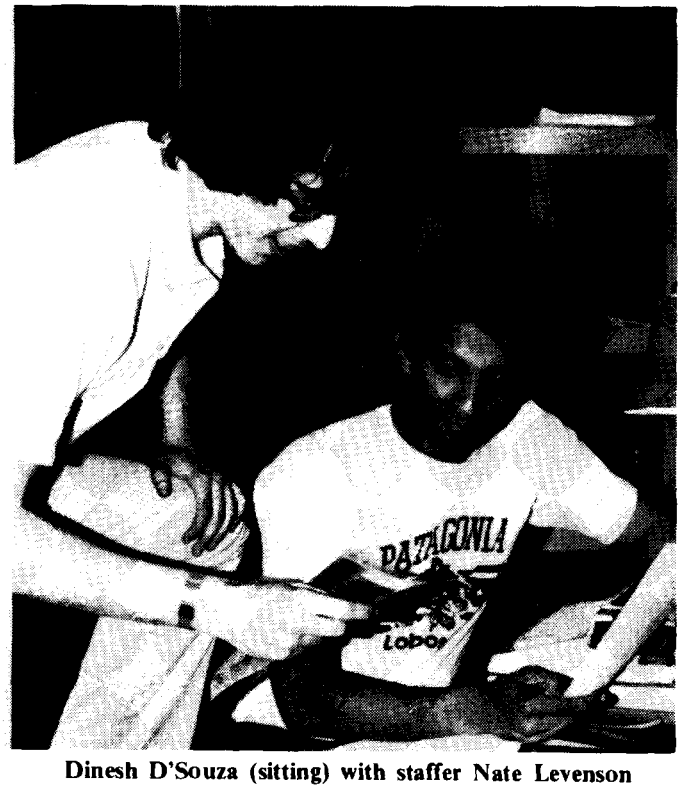

Photo by Gordon Haff

Dinesh D'Souza (sitting) with staffer Nate Levenson

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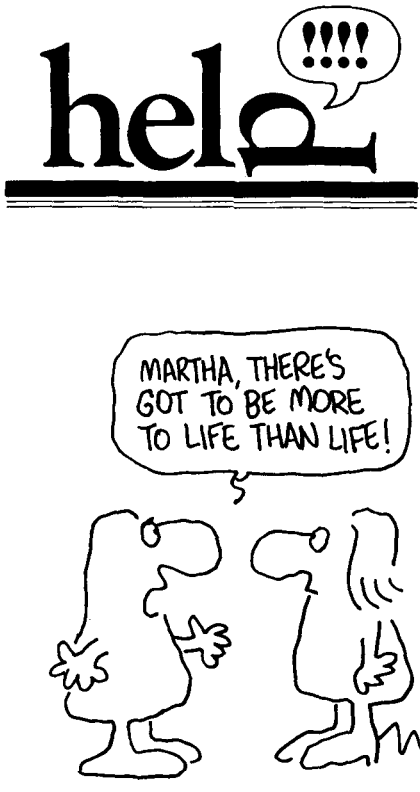
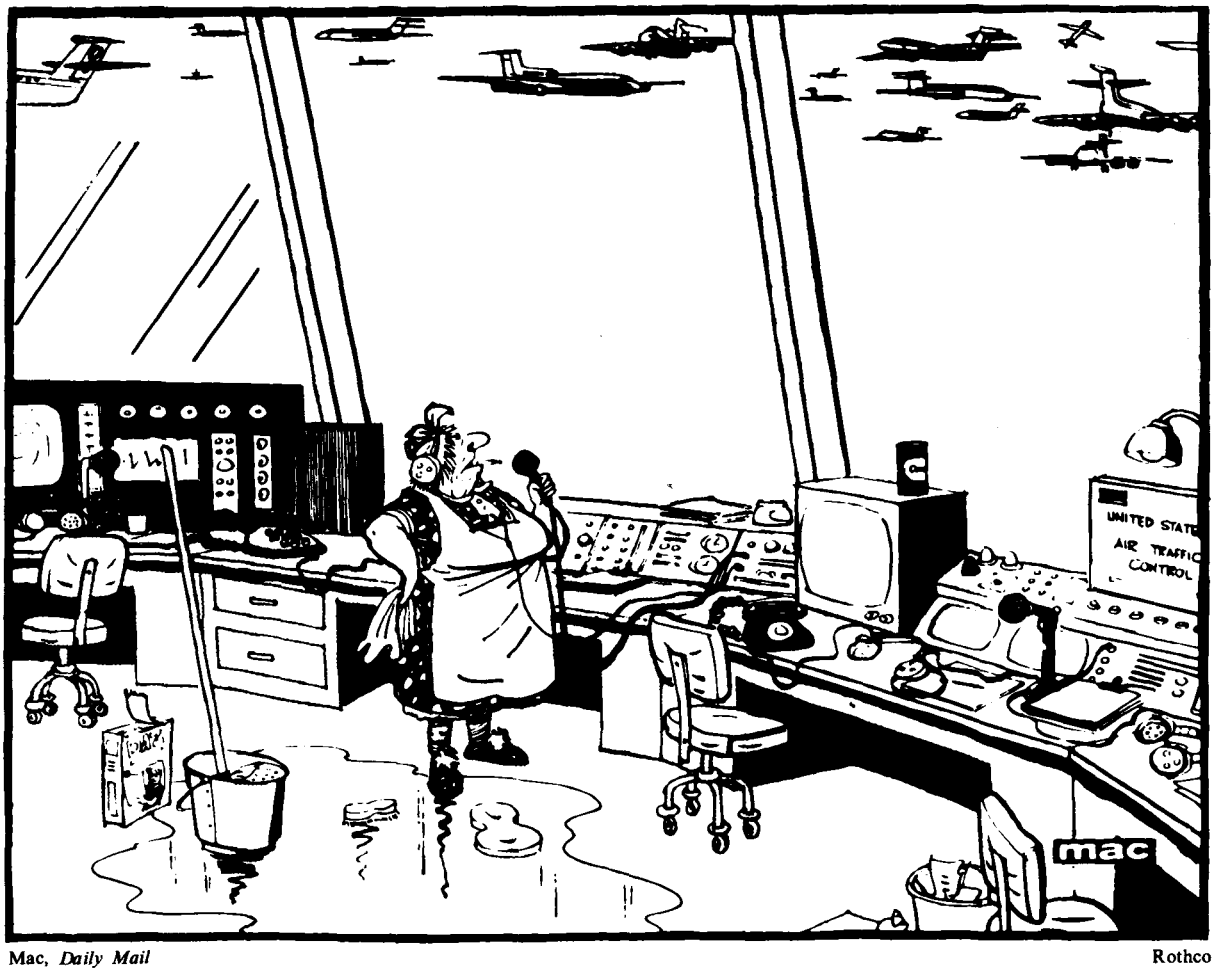


"If you order the businessman's lunch you have to order the ERA salad."



Mac, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"Now hear this . . . The big red one with the yellow stripes is the last one I bring down—I got my own job to do."

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On Being Trendy

Martha and George, I've retired;
Mary and Abe face the wall;
Lee has been moved to a closet;
Jackson is down a dim hall.
Life in apartments is tricky,
Living in limited space.
That's why I spent a whole morning
Hanging up Calvin and Grace.

W. H. VON DREELE

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Oh, the alphabet, and programming our microcomputer."

PARTICULARLY THAT SEGMENT RESIDING IN SOVIET TANKS.
SHELEY SAN DIEGO UNION ©1981
WE DEPLORE THE UNITED STATES' DEVELOPMENT OF NEUTRON WEAPONS OUT OF A PHILANTHROPIC CONCERN FOR THE FUTURE OF MANKIND...

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until the spring of 1980 conservatives had never tried to publish a weekly newspaper for students and (whence comes the money) alumni. Keep it tidy, and you could start up any conservative group you liked: Young Republicans, the Conservative Eating Society—the college even allowed one ambitious student to fly around the country raising thousands of dollars and bringing in such speakers as Milton Friedman, George Will, and Ernest van den Haag. *The Dartmouth Review*, however, was unsafe conservatism: it raised the specter, as Dartmouth attorney Cary Clark would later put it, that the alumni of the college would be receiving "two opinions of what goes on in Hanover."

The Welcoming Stampede

When the Dartmouth administration learned of the students' plan to publish *The Dartmouth Review*, Clark led the welcoming stampede. In a letter to the paper's publisher, Rachel Kenzie, Clark wrote: "I must inform you and, through you, your associates in your new venture, that Dartmouth College objects to your intended use of the name *The Dartmouth Review* in connection with your proposed publication and demands that you and your associates refrain from publishing, distributing, and selling any publication which is entitled *The Dartmouth Review*." Through eight months of threatened lawsuits, Clark and the college attorneys steadfastly claimed they had nothing against the paper per se, but simply wanted to avoid student and alumnus confusion: Dartmouth, Clark said, feared that many would consider *The Dartmouth Review* to be an official publication of the college administration, about as likely a possibility as someone back in '66 mistaking the *Berkeley Barb* for Reagan campaign literature. Dartmouth's posturing and legal browbeating of the students led *Review* attorney J. Daniel Mahoney to respond: "The college seems to be making a somewhat selective approach to this question, since I have been provided with a page from the local telephone directory which lists 21 concerns apparently not connected with the college which include the word 'Dartmouth' in their titles. I would be interested to learn how many of them have been targeted for the apparently impending crackdown."

There were other skirmishes: in January, the college attempted to freeze $12,000 in *Review* funds which had been placed in a Dartmouth College account; in March, the Director of the College News Services attempted to have Fossedal kicked out of school for releasing a college press release that had been placed on a hook marked "ready for release."

A cloud of irony hangs over the college's attempts to stamp out the journal. "Me Generation" faculty and administrators made it a practice regularly to deplore the death of idealism that came with the end of the Vietnam protests. Students were contemptuously labeled apathetic and unconcerned. Now, true, *The Dartmouth Review* was not the Peace Corps or the National Abortion Rights League, but its students did seem concerned enough to start a weekly newspaper on their own, funded by advertising and subscriptions and contributions they solicited. Yet unlike *The Dartmouth* and every other student organization on campus, the *Review* found itself not only not funded by the college, but threatened with lawsuits and injunctions.

In its early organizing stages, the *Review* did receive encouragement from a Dartmouth professor of English (and NATIONAL REVIEW senior editor), Jeffrey Hart. This academician takes liberal pieties with a grain of salt and a guffaw. His office, filled with photographs of Reagan, Nixon, Jean-Claude Killy, Gerald Ford, and Pinochet, plus all sorts of mementos and gewgaws, including a device for pinching women you do not wish to touch, became a friendly haven from the liberal inquisition. But, contrary to the campus rumor mill, Hart neither funded the paper nor played any role in its daily operations.

When they were not busy fighting for the right to exist, the editors of the paper were engaged in putting out a high-quality journal. Such figures as Jack Kemp, R. Emmett Tyrrell, William Rusher, Russell Kirk, and Patrick Buchanan received early issues of the paper and joined its advisory board. Though only a weekly, the *Review* beat its daily campus competitor to nearly every important story. Investigative reporter and future editor Dinesh D'Souza named David McLaughlin as Dartmouth's next president months before his official selection was announced, exposed the machinations against Steel's trustee campaign, reported on Boston University's attempt to lure John Rassias, Dartmouth's nationally acclaimed pioneer in language instruction, away from Hanover, and scooped Mildred Jefferson's plans to run against Ted Kennedy.

The most important effect of *The Dartmouth Review* on the campus has been to say things which previously could not be said. The paper attacked the college's affirmative-action policies—impossible, the liberal pieties had long assumed. It attacked funding for homosexual groups—impossible. It called into question the college's bizarre calen-

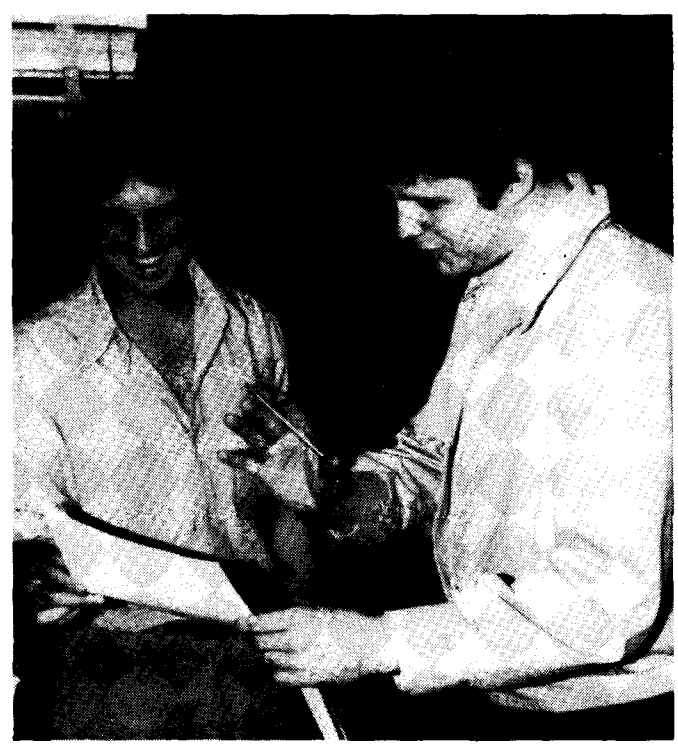

Photo by Nate Levenson

Greg Fossedal (at right) with staffer Ben Hart

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dar and incoherent curriculum—never even thought of. Keeney Jones, an editor whose journalistic style calls to mind visions of pins and overblown balloons, being fed up with one Dartmouth official, described her as having a "robin's nest hairdo and the personality of an electric chair."

In its clashes with other student groups, the *Review* almost always gained the upper hand. When the college attempted to rally support for the left-leaning hunger group, Oxfam, with a one-day fast, Jones and Fossedal issued an open invitation to students for a lobster and champagne lunch. This was not "insensitivity," but mockery of sodden pieties. When the Gay Students' Alliance and other groups massed on the green to protest the *Review*'s decision to publish the names of the officers of the Gay Students' Association —a college-funded group—the paper organized a croquet game fifty yards away, complete with finger sandwiches and gin-and-tonics. About half the protestors tired of their own affair and joined the *Review*'s.

The paper, in short, became the source of most of the energy, outrageousness, and thought on the Dartmouth campus.

Another Showdown

If the *Review* has been able to laugh at itself, it has been taken very seriously by the college. This spring the paper and the Dartmouth administration squared off in another showdown, with the *Review* backing two conservative trustee candidates, businessman Mickey Beard and Ford Administration economic advisor Coleman Andrews. This time, the administration was prepared.

Fearing a repeat of the Steel election, Dartmouth's Association of Alumni, which theoretically represents those alumni, issued a series of guidelines in November, just months before the scheduled election, making it very difficult to nominate or elect candidates not approved by Dartmouth's Alumni Council, which again theoretically represents the alumni.

The new guidelines allowed only two months for the collection of 250 petition signatures, and required that those signatures be collected on individual forms obtained from the college secretary. In practice, such restrictions make it impossible to nominate a candidate without a well-planned organized effort. Yet the guidelines themselves state, and force candidates to sign a form stating, that "organized or funded campaigning is not in the best interests of Dartmouth College."

Facing the entire machinery of the Dartmouth bureaucracy, which was unabashedly mounting a strong campaign for its own two candidates, Beard and Andrews now had to hope they could get their message to 35,000 Dartmouth alumni with only a four-hundred-word ballot statement, again under the watchful editorial eye of the college.

The whole election machinery smacked of something out of Moscow: dummy committees with interlocking memberships, reporting to one another, all denying the slightest interest in the election one way or the other. One of the members of Dartmouth's impartial ballot committee, it turned out, was an attorney whose firm does thousands of dollars' worth of business with Dartmouth each year, who served on another independent commission to investigate Steel after his victory, and who, ubiquitous fellow, had been instrumental in blocking the incorporation papers of a small newspaper known as *The Dartmouth Review*.

The rhetoric of the administration's counterattack was full of echoes of Lyndon Johnson's 1964 campaign to nuke Barry Goldwater, or Jimmy Carter's warmonger strategy in 1980. Ed Scheu, impartial secretary of the impartial three-man ballot committee, sent a mailing to several thousand alumni warning them that "*The goal of* The Dartmouth Review *is to control all seven alumni-trustee seats by 1984.*" The emphasis was Scheu's: the means by which a small undergraduate newspaper was going to "control" seven members of Dartmouth's Board of Trustees were not explained.

At least eight mass mailings were sent out by various college officials, including one by the president of Dartmouth's Alumni Council, that bastion of impartiality, using college computer-printed mailing labels. Included with the ballot itself was a green letter by another impartial Dartmouth official citing *The Dartmouth Review* as sponsor of the conservative candidates (not true), and maintaining the paper had been guilty of "gross violations" of the election guidelines, without explaining how an undergraduate-run newspaper fell under the umbrella of guidelines regulating the conduct of an election between and among alumni.

The administration tactics worked: Beard and Andrews were soundly, albeit unfairly, defeated. It remains to be seen if the strategy was shrewd in the long run.

Alumni: Helpless No Longer

In its first year, *The Dartmouth Review* offered several answers to the problem posed implicitly by *God and Man at Yale*: What can loyal alumni do to change college policies they view as deleterious to their school? The students backed several trustee candidates, one of whom won in a landslide, the other two of whom managed to garner five thousand votes despite a vicious administration counter-campaign. The alumni who supported the paper have organized a network of information contacts .and have stood up for the values they see as central to Dartmouth at alumni club meetings, in letters, and through their checkbooks. And the paper itself delighted in peppering the liberal Dartmouth administration with buckshot week after week, exposing its pompous pieties wherever they might be found.

The metaphor for this past year at Dartmouth College came with Kemeny's final address to the college at the commencement exercises this June. Against the august background of Dartmouth's swaying elms and Georgian architecture, Kemeny launched a tasteless tirade against the staff and alumni of *The Dartmouth Review*, whom he labeled as racist, sexist, and antisemitic. The paper, he argued, aimed "to divide us; to set whites against blacks; to set Christians against Jews; to set men against women. If it succeeds in dividing us from our fellow humans it can impose its evil will on a fragmented society."

It was another case of the distraught, desperate liberal running in the eternal election against yet another Adolf Hitler. Just as Jimmy Carter attempted to transmute the old New Deal coalition sentiment into a fear of Ronald

(Continues on page 1097)

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CAMPUS '40s

Bard, 1946: How much better it would have been if, in those crucial postwar years, we had been educated in a deeper love of country and a more profound understanding of our traditions and institutions

The Way We Were

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

IN HIS SUPERB memoir of the Pacific war, William Manchester reminds us that we are many people in the course of a lifetime. "In our memories, as in our dreams," he writes, "there are set-pieces which live on and on, overriding what happened afterward." Thus in the 1980s, with their special challenges, my mind is pulled back to the way we were—my generation—in the years after World War II. 1946 and 1947 were decisive years in my intellectual development and in the shaping of the mind of the nation, after all the dying of wartime and the happy departure of the grim economic conditions that had characterized the pre-war years.

No two eras are alike. Each moment in time is unique. Each little group has its own perceptions, of the world around it and new worlds being born. Each has its own special sense of place and change. So it was for those of us who came to know one another at Bard College on the Hudson River in the fall of 1946. The members of that group are lost to me, some by death, others by different modes of thought, goals, interests, achievements, and failures. At the time, we never realized the future would be an alienating force.

My preparation for Bard was half a semester at Black Mountain College in North Carolina, a curious amalgam of refugees from the Bauhaus School of Design in Nuremberg and restless faculty members from Rollins College in Florida, where tennis was the ultimate skill. Black Mountain was my introduction to the world of European and modern thought. I think of Max Dehn, a little wisp of a man who had been a professor of mathematics in Frankfurt and who taught Plato, employing the Socratic method; and of "Eddie" Lowinsky, a distinguished musicologist from Germany who lectured on Machiavelli. These men—refugees from Hitler's terror—helped me gain access to a measure of history and philosophy, though they were profoundly detached from the land in which they taught.

Apart from a small band of learned men, Black Mountain was all idealism verging on chaos: no rules, no money, and Spartan accommodations. Yes, there was *one* rule—every student had to work on the garbage truck one day a week. After a bit, the strange little college collapsed. It was an example of liberal social and fiscal policy gone amuck on a tiny scale in the mountains of North Carolina.

The following fall I enrolled at Bard, once St. Stephen's College, an Episcopal institution that had been headed by B. I. Bell, a great conservative thinker of the previous generation. But conservatism had long since departed from Bard. In its postwar incarnation, Bard was a more orthodox version of Black Mountain. The college had structure, a handsome neo-Gothic campus, adequate finances, and a large infusion of the emerging liberal thinking.

'His Name Is Rimbaud'

Our group was a reflection, I suppose, of the social upheaval occasioned by wartime. Gone was the Bard that had been a minor-league Princeton, with students of a largely homogeneous social background. We—our crowd—were a diverse group: Ellen Adler, daughter of Stella Adler, the noted actress, who had been very active in the left-wing Group Theater; Jean-Philippe Carson, half French and half upper-class old New York; Don O'Meara, a young writer with a beautiful Latin American wife; Peter Monath, whose father had come from Austria and whose mother was a leading concert pianist; Madelon Shapiro, whose father had made a fortune in women's wear; Roger Hecht, a poet who suffered from a severe physical disability; Helen Rosenau, daughter of a prominent stockbroker in New York City.

These and others were thrown together in '46-'47. Most of the group had highly developed literary interests. We organized the *Bard Review* and published my friend Jim Merrill's translations of Apollinaire's poems. One of my professors, who liked an essay I wrote on Dylan Thomas, arranged for one of my poems to appear in *Partisan Review*. We read Proust, Rilke, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings, and Rimbaud. (Once, in racing from a women's dormitory late at night, I was chased by a watchman, who found a note I dropped with Rimbaud's name written on it. He stormed into the men's dormitory, announcing in a loud voice: "I have him. His name is Rimbaud.") We were rather close to *Partisan Review*, as a result of our teachers' con-

Mr. Harrigan, president of the United States Industrial Council, is a lecturer, columnist, and author. He is now at work on a book called My Family's America.

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nections with the magazine. Mary McCarthy, the novelist and short-story writer and a member of the *PR* crowd, was my advisor at Bard. We didn't get on very well; we were on different wavelengths. She struck me as a very hard woman. At 21, I had a more romantic cast of mind; I read Yeats, and published my first poems in Barbara Howe's *Chimera* magazine and the *Yale Poetry Review*.

My Bard years were full of experiences of sorts that were new to me: watching friends act in García Lorca's plays, with their richness of imagery and Left political philosophy; studying logic with Professor Reiss and learning to make logical diagrams of statements; reading Robert Lowell's commencement address at Kenyon College, with its grand rhetorical flourishes ("the purple pablum of transcendental moonshine"); discovering the theme of withdrawal and activism in the life of St. Paul, as expounded by Toynbee; a disastrous afternoon party for Phoebe Pierce, a Bennington graduate and poet, in a room at the decaying old Brevoort Hotel on Lower Fifth Avenue; absorbing Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's one-world message at commencement; the isolation of life in a windowless room at the Kingston, New York YMCA, as I sought to write a modern-dress version of a classical French play, while living on peanut butter and Saltines; endeavoring to help an eighty-year-old local farmer pass his driver's-license examination, in exchange for room and board at his farmhouse near Bard.

Few of my friends were overtly political. The liberal world emerged from literature—from a concern with novels and poems that emphasized a sensibility too rarefied for a commercial civilization. The undiluted patriotism of the war years faded under the impact of European symbolist literature. This literary experience detached our group from the traditional economic and political basis of our national life. We were part of a new generation that stressed psychology and process rather than ends. When politics did arise in our discussions, however, they were liberal or Left, never conservative. I recall a girl-friend telling me, after we visited the apartment of Clifford Odets—author of *Waiting for Lefty* and a friend of her parents—that one of the people at the party was a Communist courier. I was a political innocent with no understanding of the Communist role as an army within.

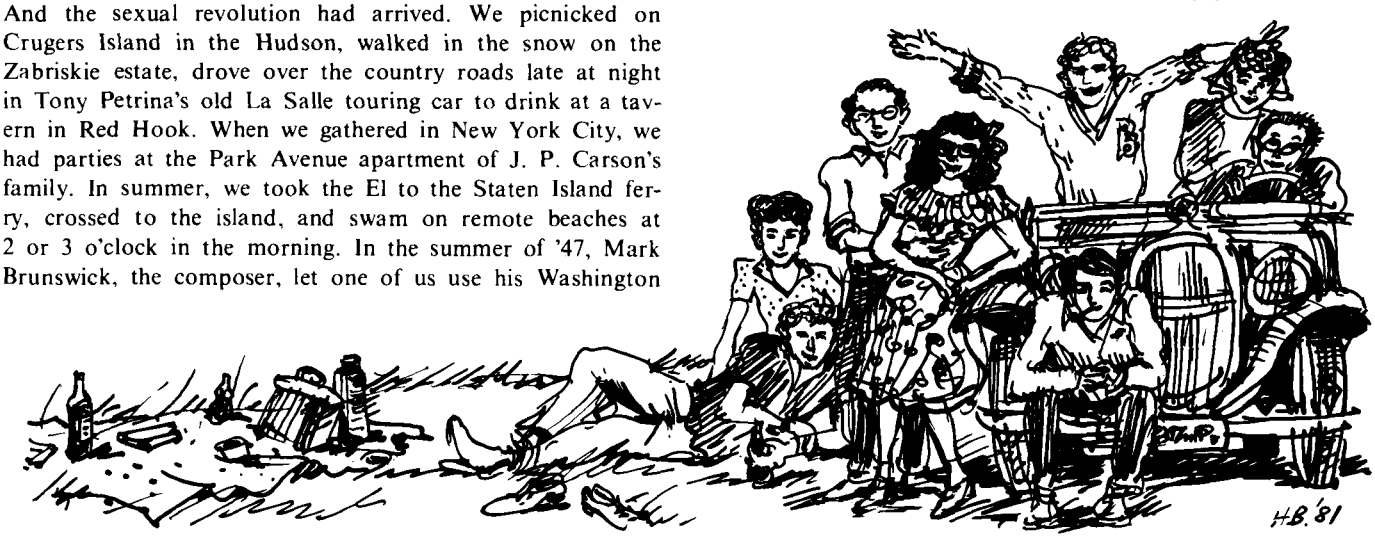
We thought ourselves very modern and sophisticated. And the sexual revolution had arrived. We picnicked on Crugers Island in the Hudson, walked in the snow on the Zabriskie estate, drove over the country roads late at night in Tony Petrina's old La Salle touring car to drink at a tavern in Red Hook. When we gathered in New York City, we had parties at the Park Avenue apartment of J. P. Carson's family. In summer, we took the El to the Staten Island ferry, crossed to the island, and swam on remote beaches at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. In the summer of '47, Mark Brunswick, the composer, let one of us use his Washington Square townhouse, and it was a summer-long party. Always the talk was of writers, critics, poets, playwrights, and composers.

The idyll was brief. Our group was united by youth and vitality, the relative isolation of college life, the comparative comfort after years of war, and our exposure to ideas and letters. Life for the young, at least in our group, was very sweet indeed. Gradually, however, we began to realize that we shared little beyond our youth and literary interests. The girls in whom I was interested had very different backgrounds from mine. Stella Adler and her husband, the director Harold Clurman, received me generously into their world. But it was a strange world for me—a world of late suppers at the Russian Tea Room, of political enthusiasm for the Irgun (the Israeli terrorist group), and of bewilderment about *my* background. Ellen's grandmother, who came from a leading theatrical family in Russia, told Stella: "He is a nice young man, but he doesn't give her any jewels."

Worlds Apart

I met types that were wholly unknown to me. One night, I recall, a group of us drove to Syracuse, in an antique Chevy, to watch a trial performance of one of Marlon Brando's first plays, *Truckline Cafe*. Marlon was a student of Stella's and a friend of the Adler-Clurman family. The performance was ragged. Afterwards, the backers, grim-faced individuals I took to be thugs, were ugly in their comments on the show. I glimpsed a different side of the theater from the one I knew from my reading of Racine and the Irish playwrights, or from my family's account of my playwright grandfather.

Bit by bit, I came to realize that this was not the world to which I belonged. Many people and events had a hand in my gradual dissociation from this group and its attitudes. Tony Garvan taught a course on American civilization that made me aware of the importance of roots. My reading shifted from literature to history, especially American history. One night, as we looked into the glass over the bar in Mike's Tavern near Bard, Ellen and I were surprised to discover how different we were in appearance, and our conversation widened into an awareness that the gap between our



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worlds couldn't be bridged. Later, with another girl from a distinguished Jewish family in New York, I was forced to recognize that as a Christian and, on my mother's side, a Southerner I would be a permanent outsider in her family circle. It was an unhappy discovery for a young man who didn't comprehend that such differences create colossal barriers.

Leaving college for a while, I moved to East Dorset, Vermont to work for a plumber in an old marble-quarrying town and later to serve as an apprentice on the weekly newspaper in Manchester—removing the ink from the press rollers and doing other odd jobs. I had a vision of life of rural quiet, working with my hands in order to continue my writing. It was a youthful, idealistic dream, and the lack of realism in my perspective soon struck home. The time in Vermont, however, helped put a distance between me and my friends and fellow students at Bard.

By the end of the year, politics and ideology began to intrude into my life. I began to be aware of the issues that were boiling under the surface of the literary life—the struggle between Stalinists and anti-Stalinists, for example. As Frank S. Meyer wrote ten years later, there was in many academic circles "this equivalence of the aims of the liberals and the Communists." Increasingly, I found myself in arguments with friends, taking stands that were contrary to what was accepted as truth in my intellectual milieu.

I came to realize that many of the people who had taught me—many of the people with whom I had been friends—were hostile to the world into which I had been born, a world of people with deep roots in America. Writers who had been held up to me as culture-heroes suddenly appeared as foes of the America of which I was a part by virtue of ancestry. The *Partisan Review* crowd, so admired by students and aspiring writers at Bard, had rejected Stalinism, but they remained committed to a radicalized view of America. I recognized this and rejected their self-appointed role as an intellectual avant garde. I began to feel very strongly the shock of recognition of different values and beliefs. I was becoming a conservative without knowing it.

Before long, there was the Hiss case—the landmark ideological event of those years. The question of the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss opened up a divide that couldn't be closed. It brought to the surface all the latent ideological orientation of my generation.

What significance, if any, have these experiences? While many of our group were very talented, we were victims of permissive education. We weren't required to submit to academic discipline. We didn't understand where we were going or why. We drifted happily, for a time, in a world without fixed principles, only strong sympathies. We didn't understand that there were real differences between people—differences that were difficult or impossible to bridge. We failed to grasp that disparate backgrounds and viewpoints can't be submerged or reconciled simply by the application of liberal tolerance.

Of my Bard group of friends, two, to my knowledge, are dead—one by cancer and the other in an automobile accident in Mexico. Others may be gone too. One former friend is an artist, another married a prominent literary critic. The whereabouts of several are unknown to me. Thirty-five years allows for considerable fulfillment; it also takes a terrible toll. Looking back, I am amazed that my generation, which emerged from the greatest war in our history, took such a soft view of the world. War didn't produce realism in the survivors; it didn't turn Americans into new Romans, as we learned in the public reaction to the Vietnam conflict.

Respectable Totalitarianism

Our professors, many of them refugees from Hitler's Germany, couldn't believe that other colossal conflicts lay ahead, that the Soviet Union represented an even greater menace than the Nazi Germany that had been crushed. They were unprepared for the cold war, and they refused to acknowledge the necessity of Western resistance to this new tyranny. Certainly, they didn't want us to enlist in a struggle against another form of totalitarianism which they often confused with a morally respectable socialism.

We could have been so much better prepared in 1946-47. We could have been made to understand that Rimbaud and Rilke, Proust and Hart Crane, offered not a clue for the struggles ahead in the middle and latter parts of the twentieth century. The intellectual background and orientation of our most influential teachers, at Bard and elsewhere, provided mistaken directions to many in our generation. Many of these professors and thought-leaders didn't truly know America and didn't understand it at all. They confused it with pre-war Germany and Austria, and thereby led us astray. How much better it would have been if, in those crucial years, we had been educated in a deeper love of our country and a more profound understanding of our traditions and institutions. The fact is we weren't. Out of this misguided instruction arose what I think of as the Anthony

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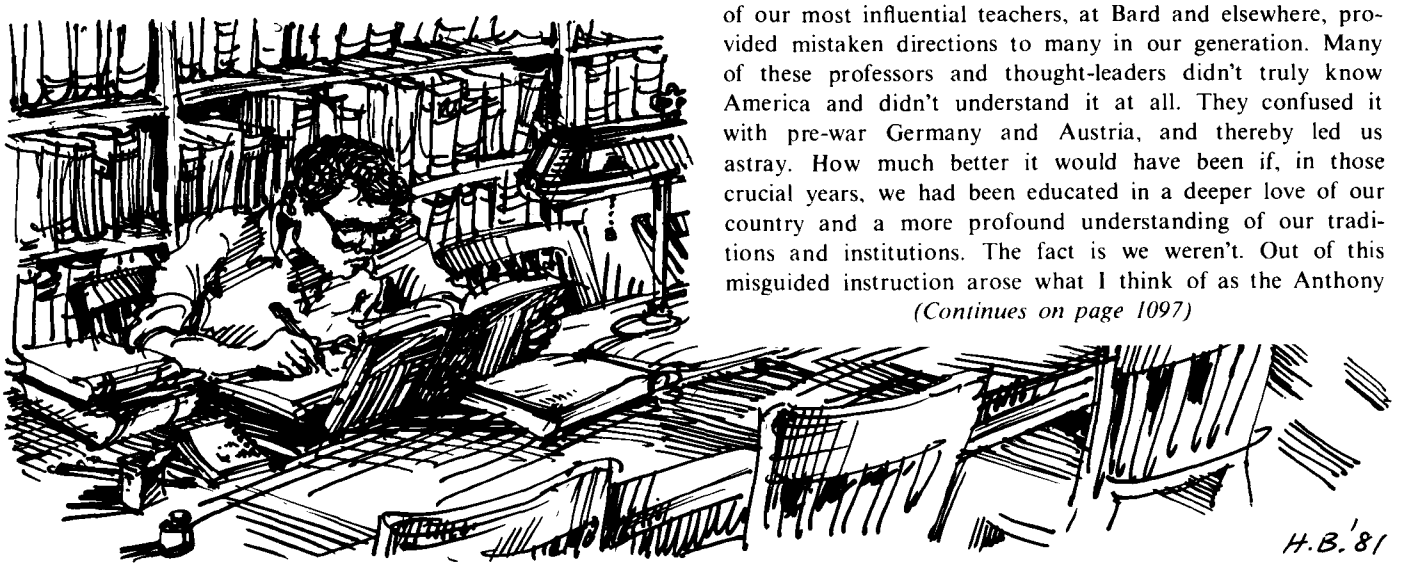

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YAF AT 21

Coming of Age

DAVID PIETRUSZA

For the Young Americans for Freedom, it's been a long road, historically if not geographically, from Sharon, Connecticut to Boston, where the organization held its Eleventh National Convention last week.

Founded in 1960 at the Connecticut estate of the Buckley family, YAF was forced to weather the storms of the Goldwater debacle, the Vietnam War, campus protests, and the Nixon betrayal before it arrived at last in the Promised Land of the Reagan Administration. In liberal Massachusetts, YAFers young and not so young came together to hear from old idols, to cheer on Administration conservatives, and to chart the organization's own course by electing National Chairman James Lacy to a new two-year term and adopting a platform for the Eighties.

Words of Caution

The mood was general jubilation for the Reagan Administration, and the convention's keynote speaker, William F. Buckley Jr., certainly shares the enthusiasm—yet he was also there to offer several words of caution to the youthful conservatives. He urged them seriously to consider three propositions. First, that their traditional hostility to unbalanced budgets not evaporate in a flow of enthusiasm for supply-side economics, noting that "only budget restraints built into the long term will bear fruit."

Secondly, he asked them to "go no further than presumptive distrust" in their attitude toward the draft—a longtime YAF target of hostility. Buckley reminded his audience not to base all their calculations on the draft on purely economic factors, but rather to consider the service young Americans owe their nation, to value "collective responsibility as well as individual liberty."

Whether his comments were a catalyst or not, the draft was the subject of one of the few real controversies in the debates preceding the adoption of the YAF platform (the other was over the O'Connor nomination, which YAF finally opposed). The delegates after a lengthy struggle did maintain their opposition to the peacetime draft—though with less than a ringing endorsement of VOLAR.

Third, Buckley urged the young to heed the increasing percentage of the elderly in the population and of the need for them to give a year of their lives in care of the old—a suggestion which was originally included in his book *Four Reforms*.

But if Buckley gave YAF food for thought, other speakers threw them raw meat in urging them on to action in support of the Reagan program. Rotund, bearded presidential advisor Lyn Nofziger brought them special greetings from the President ("He asked me to give you this message: We will sell no wine before its time"); pointed out how the Reagan victory differed from preceding GOP triumphs ("Our goal is not just to elect the President or Congress. We're out to turn this country around"); and, in his usual understated fashion, urged disaffected Democrats to support the Reagan agenda ("It is important to separate those right-thinking Democrats from the liberal bastards of the Party").

Exactly how wildly irreverent a YAF National Convention can be was best illustrated during the Nofziger bash. Nofziger, himself, was, well, Nofziger—and that is always an event. But his audience was equally uninhibited, in veritable Rocky Horror Show fashion, cheering exuberantly at what they liked, hissing liberal bad-guys, whooping it up in mock war fervor when Libya was mentioned, and even booing their guest when he ventured to defend the selling of American construction equipment to the Soviet Union.

Like a close-knit family whose squabbles halt when a stranger appears at the door, YAFers weren't afraid to tell Uncle Ron where they stood; but let a bunch of outsiders (liberals and environmentalists) jump on a member of the Reagan clan and YAF was ready to do battle. When Greenpeace and Sierra Club picketers surrounded the Park Plaza Hotel in protest of Interior Secretary James Watt's appearance, YAFers quickly abandoned a reception and charged into the streets in suits, tuxedos, and formal gowns to outshout the jeering neo-Luddites. Till the end of the convention, National Chairman Jim Lacy referred proudly to his "streetfighters."

All-Star Lineup

The five-day program was packed with a truly stellar array of speakers, virtually all of whom were ignored by the media, who preferred to scribble about more ephemeral topics; the Boston *Phoenix*, for example, managed to criticize delegates for "Robert Hall" wardrobes on the one hand and apparent affluence on the other. Participants included Secretary of Labor Ray Donovan; columnists John Chamberlain, Joe Sobran, Jeffrey Hart, and Stan Evans; Right-to-Life activist Dr. Mildred Jefferson; Tip O'Neill's nemesis Congressman John LeBoutillier; ACU Chairman Mickey Edwards; educator Samuel Blumenfeld; and Fund for a Conservative Majority Director Paul Dietrich.

But the emotional high point of the conference came during a "Salute to America's Forgotten Heroes"—those who served so valiantly in the lost cause of Vietnam. Former POW Captain John McCain gave a stirring address that was topped only by YAF Executive Director Bob Heckman's commentary on the fate of one MIA, whose existence Hanoi denied for years but whose body was eventually turned over to a visiting congressional delegation, giving the lie to the Communists' grisly charade.

The convention had its boisterous moments and its serious moments, its partying and its politicking. But no one who has observed the past 21 years of YAF history can doubt that this cohort of YAFers will someday too take its place among the leadership of the conservative movement. □

Mr. Pietrusza is president of the new syndicated public-service radio show, National Perspectives.

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The Election of Anchormen

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

SOME DECISIVE elections are going on in the United States this season, but most people don't seem to realize they have a chance to vote: elections for who will be the anchormen on the three major television networks for the next generation. At CBS, it is not yet clear whether Dan Rather cuts the mustard as the chief interpreter of American reality. He may, or may not, be worth $8 million. At NBC, Tom Brokaw and Roger Mudd are jousting to dislodge each other. At ABC, Frank Reynolds is fighting for survival.

These elections, next to the presidential ones, are the most important in the land. In a crowded room in Washington, it appears, a top television newsman is worth more than any ten senators or governors. In early 1968, Walter Cronkite returned from Vietnam to announce to the country, including an intently watching President Johnson: "It is increasingly clear to this reporter that the only rational way out will be to negotiate, not as victors, but as an honorable people who lived up to their pledges to defend democracy, and did the best they could." Johnson turned to his aides and said: "It's all over." It was the first time in history, as David Halberstam put it, that "a war had been declared over by an anchorman."

The Way It Is

Who can deny the immense symbolic power of the approximately six men (there are no women among the current candidates) now in competition to sit where Walter Cronkite sat for nearly thirty years while Presidents came and went? The picture we have of ourselves as a people, the tone of our national life, depends perhaps more upon these six men than upon any other American except a President. If the Presidency is a bully pulpit, being anchorman is having a bigger bully pulpit—as Richard Nixon found out, and Lyndon Johnson.

Most of us, of course, do not believe that we can elect our anchormen. And we do not vote—not with ballots. Yet watching the news *is* a sort of political act. One can choose never to watch one particular network team. Those who are a little more radical try never to watch *any* network news. They soon find that they miss virtually nothing of importance, except passion and symbol, and they avoid heartburn and indigestion.

But even those who watch the news out of habit and inadvertence, avoiding the radical act of saying no to all three networks, have a certain freedom of choice. No one has to vote for Dan Rather or Tom Brokaw or Frank Reynolds. Among them, we may choose. And people do choose, less consciously, less by design than they might, but quite effectively. The Nielsen ratings are not quite like the massive act of turning out the vote on election day, but they are reasonably efficacious.

I have long been in favor of a concept called Active Television Viewing. It is based on the idea that learning how to read is a serious business. Two persons, reading the same book, may glean immensely different insights from it. Much depends on how well they read, how much they know about the art of writing, how well they can interpret literary forms. Books have many levels of meaning and information. So do television shows. Literacy in watching television is like literacy in reading. It is an art to master. It is a skill to be acquired. It requires an active employment of intelligence.

Television, as a visual act, is built upon illusions, illusions inherent in the workings of a camera. To see something on camera is not to see it with the naked eye; the two perceptions are quite different. The same person seen on television and seen in the flesh affords a qualitatively different impression. Some quite admirable human beings do not "come across" on television. Some quite superficial and even unpleasant people are remarkably telegenic. The experience of watching a press conference in person, and then watching the same event later on the news, presents two such dissimilar experiences that one might plausibly describe the difference as total. I remember vividly watching a weary, defeated, jejune John Lindsay at an unremarkable press conference—I remember feeling sorry for him—and being startled later in my hotel room by the way the close-up camera made his eyes commanding, his face vibrant, his tone defiant.

Television, through no fault of its own, plays tricks. One must learn to decipher them, to discount for them, to recreate the reality of flesh-and-blood which they distort.

News by Innuendo

Proponents of television are quick to say that they try to be evenhanded, honest, non-ideological. In one sense, this is beside the point. The camera does most of the distorting. The form of television news—the reporter larger than the real world he purports to be covering—adds further unavoidable distortion. Then there is also the necessary pretense of knowing-it-all.

But there remain the few chosen words, the suggestions, the putdowns, the innuendo, the summing-it-up, the imputation of motives and meanings, the selection and interpretation of visuals, and the requirements of the flow of stories from day to day.

What do we know about the personal political world views, ideals, fears, and desires of the anchormen who interpret daily reality for us? Not as much as we know about our elected political leaders.

Our cultural system—of which network news is a major institution—runs on different premises and by different rules from those of our political system. That does not mean that we should be less thoughtful about it, less probing, less critical. It would be wrong to politicize this institution more than it already is. But there must be many others, besides myself, who find the visions of America and the world reported by our current crop of anchormen far less than we would hope of so central an institution. □

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The Sanest Expert

FORREST McDONALD

Equality, the Third World, and Economic Delusion
By P. T. Bauer
Harvard, 293 pp., $17.50

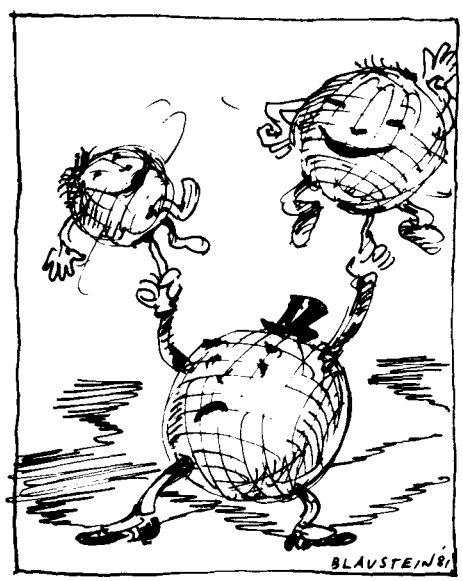
There are things you feel in your bones are true but never say because everybody knows otherwise and you do not want to sound stupid, prejudiced, or immoral. Or to be accused, as was my wife during the Goldwater campaign, of "lacking any milk of human kindness." To me one of life's great joys, then, comes in encountering an author with the courage and perceptiveness to say such things and with the knowledge to say them effectively. If you share that quirk with me—and you must: you are reading NATIONAL REVIEW—you will love the work of P. T. Bauer, a developmental economist at the London School of Economics and the world's expert on the subject of Less Developed Countries.

A few zingers will suggest the flavor of the book. In re South Africa, and the common belief that the position of blacks there amounts to slavery: "It must be unique in history that large numbers of people . . . wish to travel long distances in the face of formidable obstacles to become slaves." (Blacks from all over the continent, Bauer says and demonstrates, want to get to South Africa because there they can earn more, be safer in their lives and property, and have far better health and educational facilities.)

In re the cliché that colonialism was inherently evil and marked by ruthless Western exploitation: "Far from the West having caused the poverty in the Third World, contact with the West has been the principal agent of progress there." Before Western commercial contacts, "Black Africa was without even the simplest, most basic ingredients of modern social and economic life," including public security, law and order, and the wheel.

In re the cliché that Western aid is justified on humane grounds as help for the poor: "Official aid does not go to the poor people, to the skeletal figures of aid propaganda. It goes instead to their rulers," and actually increases poverty by promoting "the disastrous politicization of life in the Third World." This tendency and the resulting economic stagnation are "reinforced by the inclination of official aid agencies to favor governments trying to establish state-controlled or state-dominated economies."

The last point is close to the heart of Bauer's argument. Advocates of foreign-aid programs speak of the "vicious circle of poverty" in the Third World; of countries which desperately need capital to increase productivity but are too poor to raise capital by voluntarily reducing consumption. In reality, there is a circle, but it is a different and more vicious one. It starts with interested parties in Western countries—including bureaucrats, media men, academicians, exporters, and others who have learned that "the poor are a gold mine." These charitable souls extract money from the taxpayers by playing upon their sense of guilt for being affluent amidst general poverty. (As Bauer points out, a guilt trip is also an ego trip: if we caused their poverty and only we can save them, we are obviously superior to them. That makes the donors feel good, even as they are being fleeced.)



The circle is continued in the recipient countries. The amounts involved are too small, as percentages of GNP in the recipient nations, to be of much use for the purposes of development; but they are extremely large in relation to the tax revenues of the recipient governments. Third World rulers have little to gain and a great deal—namely continuing aid—to lose from promoting the economic development of their countries, so they do not. Instead they take and they spend and they point the accusing finger, all of which simplifies the task of their Western bureaucratic donors. They also share their donors' com-

David Evanier *is Fiction Editor at* The Paris Review. . . . **Forrest McDonald** *is a professor of history at the University of Alabama. He is the author of 13 books, among them* We the People: The Economic Origins of the Constitution. . . . **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* Invitation to Our Times. . . . **J. O. Tate** *is a professor of English at Dowling College in New York.*

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mitment to state-controlled economies. Lest it should be supposed that this is a matter of blind ideology, however, it should be remembered that the principals at all points on the circle make out handsomely from politicization of economic activity. It is only taxpayers, workers, farmers, producers in general, and the poor who suffer.

The book is not entirely flawless. It is presented as a series of essays, some of which are repetitive and a few of which seem irrelevant. I could quibble with parts of Bauer's history. In regard to some points one has a sense of overkill, whereas in regard to others—particularly as to the Western beneficiaries of foreign aid—one could wish for more specific details.

But these are minor matters. Bauer's arguments are brilliant and devastatingly marshaled; and even to say that is to fall short of doing justice to the book. It is studded, start to finish, with pure gems of insight and wisdom. His description of the way developmental economists delude themselves and others with statistics, for example, and his dissection of the "hydra-headed rationalization" for foreign aid are by themselves worth the price of admission. □

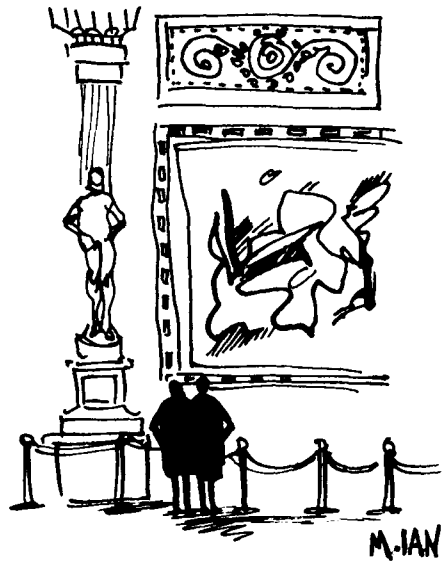
The Source of Light
By Reynolds Price
Atheneum, 318 pp., $13.95

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

J. O. TATE

Here we have the tenth book of the gifted Reynolds Price (if I can use the word "gifted" in any meaningful sense, since it has, thanks to the educationists, come to mean something like "can spell his own name"). *The Source of Light*, a continuation of *The Surface of Earth* (1975), covers a year (1955-56) in the life of Hutchins Mayfield, would-be poet. Mr. Price's strengths make themselves felt, as his readers have come to expect. Yet there is a crippling weakness at the center.

The second sentence of the novel gives its master image: a naked young man observes himself in a mirror. The narcissistic gestures of Hutchins Mayfield seem to compromise the narrator,



who refers on page 12 to the hero's "pleasant and pleasing body." On page 14, Miss Fairfax Wilson, a "maiden lady," tells him, "Hutchins Mayfield, I consider you the finest young man now residing in the Old Dominion; and you know how stuck I am on Virginia." On page 22, Rob Mayfield, the cancer-stricken father of our hero, is portrayed standing naked before a mirror—an image somehow familiar.

Later, in answer to the question, "How many books can there be you haven't read?" the apprentice poet replies, "Not many. . . . Now I'm writing my own." He can claim in a letter to his father, "I've played more parts—lived them as duties—than a good many men or women aged sixty." Another admirer, impressed by Hutch's memory, gushes, "You're due to be Shakespeare." The author spurs the reader to believe in his protagonist's physical and mental wonderfulness, and his talent as a writer. But this reader, a jaded nag, must balk at the crude whip-hand.

As a portrait of an artist as a young man, the picture is High Romantic. But young Mayfield nowhere convinces us he is a poet. W. H. Auden, for one, wouldn't have credited the anti-intellectual, unscientific weakness of the following:

> As a boy he'd wanted to be an astronomer and searched all the books he could find on the subject, making lists of the private terms of a science which he'd thought more poetic than the poems he'd been offered in school (John McCrae, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell)—*Sidereal Day, Universal Attraction, The Principle of Perturbations, The Equation of Time, The Weight of Light*. Still he remembered whole strings of terms, when his failures at math had long since ended his hopes of understanding and he'd even forgot the names of the stars and their seasonal places. He found the Great Bear though and held on her while he thought "*Filamentous Nebula, Zodiacal Light, Stars of Different Magnitudes, The Rotation of Venus* ('which remains unknown')."

In spite of these failures and excesses, Price deserves every credit for the beauty of his supple prose, the velocity and ease of his motions, and the idiomatic reality of his characters. His Grainger and Min and Eva—particularly when they talk—have all the aura of human presence. Insight and humor—and an uncanny ear—have for Price always been available powers. I am struck by his convincing revival of the authority of the nineteenth century narrator: the dog Thal is rendered as a character with a consciousness, as Rob talks to her. Price dares further, and successfully, when he represents the spirit of Rob after death visiting his son's room. With God-like Tolstoyan simplicity, he specifies a moment of conception—a point that matters later on, concerning an abortion.

But the 25-year-old protagonist seems to cause the author to lose his touch: the best scenes are those in which the hero is absent. If he were an actual person, he would, I suppose, blight parties and ruin dinners in much the same way that he astigmatizes the vision of his creator.

Anyone who has read Mr. Price's symphonic essay on *Samson Agonistes* would anticipate from the phrase "the drowned-man act" in the first sentence of the book a series of allusions to "Lycidas" and Milton—and, by extension, to Mr. Price's fellow North Carolinian, Thomas Wolfe. And later there is a real drowned man, Miltonic geography, and other references. This lends weight to the novel, if not meaning. But isn't another grand literary reference, the beautiful legend of Tristan and Iseult, put to ignoble use when one young man leaves "a dull table-knife" in the lonely bed of our hero? Now a symbol of flirtation rather than caution, this implement does not long separate them. Look homeward, Ganymede.

It is at the most crucial point—the failure to suspend our disbelief—that *The Source of Light* fails. Who would believe that this self-regarding beauty, Hutchins Mayfield, would have the *virtu* to "redeem back all [his] people pawned away"? □

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Creation
By Gore Vidal
Random House, 510 pp., $15.95

IN SEARCH OF HISTORY

MITCHELL S. ROSS

Gore Vidal's latest novel, *Creation*, is comparable in quality to his earlier *Julian*. Both books seem to me inferior to *Burr* and even *1876*, primarily because the novels with American themes are composed in an idiom closer to Vidal's own than are the books dealing with ancient history. *Creation*, like *Julian*, suffers from a certain stiffness of language that is undoubtedly difficult to avoid in books of their type.

This is not to say that *Creation* is devoid of appeal—far from it. The narrative, if not as sharp as some of Vidal's other exercises, is nonetheless admirably clear and sprinkled with wit. The subject matter is enormously appealing. The fifth century B.C. was after all one of history's golden ages. It featured Periclean Athens, the Cathay of Confucius, the India of the Buddha, and the Persia of the Great Kings Darius and Xerxes. All are treated here with skeptical good humor. Vidal's narrator and central character, the wholly invented Cyrus Spitma, is the grandson of Zoroaster and the boyhood buddy of Xerxes. His career as Persian ambassador carries him to all the interesting places of his age, whence his observations are drawn.

The leisurely chronicle affords us much amusing and stimulating commentary on some of history's leading thinkers and spiritual leaders. Himself faithful to Zoroastrian notions, Cyrus encounters Buddhism and declares, "The Buddhists accept the world as it is, and try to eliminate it." He visits the Buddha and is mystified. "The absence of deity, of origin and terminus, of good in conflict with evil . . . the absence of purpose, finally, makes the Buddha's truths too strange for me to accept."

He goes fishing with Confucius and finds the great sage, consumed by worldly ambition but constrained by principle, a sympathetic figure. "Despite my deep dislike of atheism and my irritation with many Confucian strictures. I have never known a man with such a clear idea of how public and private affairs should be conducted. . . . If one is going to eliminate the creator of all things, then it is a good idea to replace the creator with a very clear idea of what constitutes goodness on the human scale."

Greek civilization is compared unfavorably with the civilizations of the East: "Democritus thinks that Athens is marvelous. But you have not seen the civilized world. I hope that one day you will travel, and transcend your Greekness." Indian religious ceremony as seen through Persian eyes does not fare much better, however: "I do not suppose that there is anything quite so boring as an immensely long ceremony conducted in a foreign language, and dedicated to a god or gods one does not acknowledge." And even the Egyptian pyramids are subjected to a Vidalian debunking by Cyrus: "I believe that Xerxes is—was—no, *is* the most splendid creator of cities and buildings that ever lived, and I include those provincial savages who assembled Egypt's profoundly dull pyramids and pylons so many ages ago."

Creation reads more like a travelogue than a novel, in the sense that the plotting is very loose, the changes of scene are dictated by nothing more dramatic than Cyrus's removal from one court to another, and there is little tension in the depiction of human relationships. Indeed, the highlights of the book are the conversations between Cyrus and the various notables he meets along the way. The narrative runs to 510 oversized, closely set pages, within which Cyrus seeks answers to the eternal riddle of universal creation. He and we are frequently interrupted in this learned quest by plainspoken recapitulations of provincial wars and palace intrigues. These are often less than inspired. The heavy baggage of detail dissipates the air of intellectual excitement.

VIDAL'S wit and erudition render this book, finally, a satisfying read, and yet I suspect it would have been more successful had he been either less panoramic or less philosophical in his approach to it. Never mind the sales figures for a moment: I would go so far as to say that Vidal would probably have put together a more solid work had he forsworn fiction altogether and permitted his considerable essayistic gifts free reign over the fifth century B.C. Better still, why doesn't he simply write a book of real history? Fiction, although it liberates the imagination, tends to constrain the intellect, and Vidal is at his best when applying himself directly to the subject at hand, always provided it has nothing to do with current events. □

Friends of God
By Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer
Scepter, 296 pp., $14.50;
paperback, $8.95

THE DIVINE WORK ETHIC

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Monsignor Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer was born in 1902 and died in 1975. He gave his life to God's work—Opus Dei, the name of the order he founded. When he assumed his mission in 1928, he was called a madman; today he has the reputation of a saint, an impression no reader of these sermons will be inclined to dispute.

Msgr. Escrivá was an advocate of what might be called the divine work ethic. We are given time and freedom for God's sake. It is ungrateful to fail to fill each moment with love, love usually taking the form of work. To labor is to pray, as the medieval adage had it, and Escrivá's works constantly, gently hector us to suffuse our labors with the ultimate purpose of pleasing God, whatever humble calling is our lot, accepting in a creature's ordained way partnership with our Creator.

If your first response to this radiant severity is to be appalled, you are not alone. That is the common human response; it was the response of the disciples to Jesus' injunctions. In my own experience unbelief is only the first of two obstacles to piety; when you get past that, you face the stunning, shaming proposition that the God whose existence you have admitted also loves you, personally, and expects a correlative love in return. That is far more overwhelming than any merely speculative theism can be. We feel unlovable; we live, like slum bastards, in a rough accommodation with a loveless world; and the habit and comfort of the accommodation make love unwelcome when it comes.

A saint is therefore a pest, demand-

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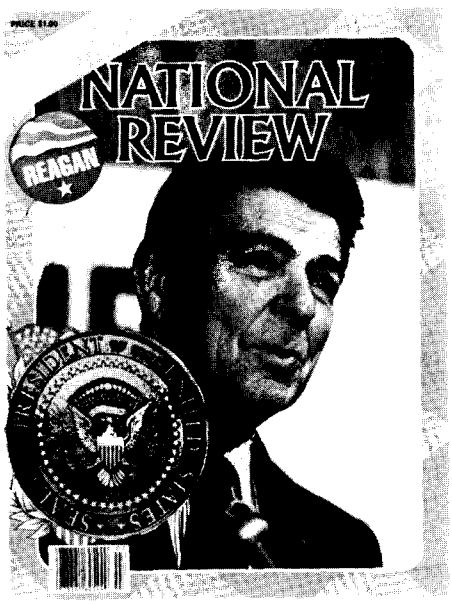
This is no time to be without *NATIONAL REVIEW*



With much happening right now in the new Reagan Administration, you'll want — *need* — to have NR handy. You'll need it to help you sort out who's who, and what's what. To help you keep up with what's going on (from the *inside*, so to speak). After all, no other magazine in America is in a better position to put you in the know. We've been in the conservative "revival" from the beginning — we *ought* to know.

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April 1 — just two days after being wounded — President Reagan was back to solid food: as the New York Daily News reported, the President
"...had a breakfast of orange juice, melon, two soft-boiled eggs, whole-wheat toast and decaffeinated coffee. He watched some morning news shows, read several newspapers and the National Review..."
Solid food indeed!

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OCTOBER TITLES: This time Robert Moss goes it alone, without benefit of co-author. His new spy novel is *Death Beam* (Crown, $13.95), about demoralization in the CIA in the face of a missile-destroying neutron beam developed by the Soviet Union.

T. J. Jackson Lears's *No Place of Grace: Antimodernism and the Transformation of American Culture, 1880-1920* (Pantheon, $18.50) concerns the rebellion of people like Van Wyck Brooks, G. Stanley Hall, and Henry Adams against a rationalistic, commercial, and bureaucratic society; and how, quite ironically, their revolt against the Protestant Ethic led directly to that stage of modern culture Tom Wolfe calls "the Me Generation."

Boris Pasternak (Oklahoma, $24.95), by Guy de Mallac, looks to be an interesting biography of the Russian novelist who in his childhood knew Tolstoy and Scriabin, abandoned music for philosophy and philosophy for fiction, and survived the terrors of Stalinism because Papa himself liked him.

Donald Neff's *Warriors at Suez: Eisenhower Takes America into the Middle East* (Linden/Simon & Schuster, $17.95) argues that 1956 marked the end of Western colonialism, as the U.S. became suddenly "the major Western power" in the Middle East. . . . In *The New Kingmakers: An Inside Look at the Powerful Men behind America's Political Campaigns* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95), David Chagall writes that between 1960 and 1980 the role of the party boss was usurped by the campaign consultant—a political showman of a new stripe using new techniques and new technologies.

■ LEFT OVER FROM SEPTEMBER: *Küng in Conflict* (Doubleday, $17.95; paper, $8.95), edited by Leonard Swidler, explores the issues surrounding the theologian's censoring in 1979 by the Vatican and his dismissal from his chair at Tübingen University. All in all, it is a rather impartial treatment of an acerbic controversy. CW

ing what we don't want to give even as he gives what we don't want to receive. It isn't finally a question of belief, but of will. As George MacDonald wrote, "Instead of asking yourself whether you believe or not, ask yourself whether you have this day done one thing because He said, *Do it*." For a Christian, *God exists* is as much a command as a statement; for *this* God, there is no separating *is* from *ought*.

So faith is inescapably a practical matter, even if the practice is contemplation. Escrivá constantly adjures us to keep busy, not in the sense of working hard, but in directing every moment toward God. He speaks so familiarly of God it's unsettling; he claims no special knowledge, no "pipeline" as the irreligious call it, but he speaks from a lifetime of practical experience of working and resting in the awareness of God's awareness.

"Our Lord's whole life fills me with love for Him," he says, "but I have a special weakness for his thirty hidden years spent in Bethlehem, Egypt, and Nazareth. That period, so long in comparison with His public life and which the Gospels hardly mention, might seem empty of any special meaning to a person who views it superficially. And yet, I have always maintained that this silence about Our Lord's early life speaks eloquently for itself, and contains a wonderful lesson for us Christians. They were years of intense work and prayer, years during which Jesus led an ordinary life, a life like ours, we might say, which was both divine and human at the same time. In His simple workshop, unnoticed, He did everything to perfection, just as He was later to do before the multitudes."

Elsewhere he says: "I used to enjoy climbing up the cathedral towers to get a close view of the ornamentation at the top, a veritable lacework of stone that must have been the result of very patient and laborious craftsmanship. . . . Seeing it, my companions would understand that all the work we had seen was a prayer, a loving dialogue with God. The men who spent their energies there were quite aware that no one at street level could appreciate their efforts. Their work was for God alone."

Escrivá and Opus Dei are sometimes attacked as "right-wing" by people who suspect any conservative Spanish Catholic of pining for a new Inquisition, but in fact Escrivá takes a tolerantly indifferent view of politics, leaving the subject to those who understand it better than he does. He lays great stress on the value of freedom, but insists that it inevitably decays when it is wrongly used, that is, when we use our freedom to escape, rather than seek, God. "Man has a grave obligation to seek God, to know Him and worship Him, but no one on earth is permitted to impose on his neighbor the practice of a faith he lacks; just as no one can claim the right to harm those who have received the faith from God." This assumes the objectivity of faith and its substance: it grounds religious freedom in the value of religion, not in agnosticism. Which, by the way, puts Msgr. Escrivá closer than the ACLU to our own Founding Fathers.

Reading *Friends of God* is like visiting another country, so different is its idiom from the one we are used to, both wiser and more innocent, ranging casually from the divine to the quotidian with unceremonious piety. When did we lose the freedom to talk like this? Or did we? Maybe we just haven't availed ourselves of it.

I can't forbear mentioning another book of Msgr. Escrivá's: *The Way*, first published in 1934, now available in an English paperback edition (Scepter, $2.95). This is a collection of 999 sayings, little spiritual reminders that keep tugging the wayward soul back onto the path. ("Choose mortifications that don't mortify others": a nice sample.) □

The Men's Club
By Leonard Michaels
Farrar, 181 pp., $10.95

A MAN'S WORLD

DAVID EVANIER

One way to evaluate a new work is to place it against works of art from other times that deal with similar subjects and settings, and determine whether the insights and achievements of those earlier works have been enlarged and built upon—whether, in fact, the work under consideration makes contemporaneous an old tale. *The Iceman Cometh* and *That Championship Season* most readily come to mind as predecessors to *The Men's Club*.

The Men's Club also deals mainly with a group of men in a male domain. While it is not a play, its form (it is almost entirely in dialogue rather than narration), makes it seem akin to one.

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And Michaels's forte is the creation of some of the most piercing dialogue I have read recently.

In such a comparison, *The Men's Club* succeeds at a high level. It does take us further. It is no masterpiece, but on its own terms it is a considerable novel. Nothing in Michaels's two previous books of short stories (very short and stylized) prepared me for the relentlessly dark and brilliant strength of these pages. Here is a middle-aged predatory Berkeley inferno of loss and chaos.

A group of men—a psychotherapist, a lawyer, a real-estate salesman, a physician, an ex-basketball player, and the narrator, a college professor—gather together in the home of the psychotherapist, Kramer, to "tell their life stories" to each other. What they relate is something else: sharp memories of other women that have stayed in their heads, marital fights, stories of givers and takers, pals unjustifiably worshipped and losers who prey on the storytellers' consciences. Stories triggered by other stories add up coherently and eloquently to a paradigm of human confusion.

These are the stories within the main story, which is the account of the evening with the men: the conflicts and the shifting moods among them as they become heavy with marijuana, alcohol, and the mountains of food they steal from the refrigerator (Kramer's wife has prepared it for the meeting of her women's club the following night). They eat with Bacchanalian glee:

> The idea of delicious food, taken this way, was thrilling . . . We discovered Berliner on his knees before the refrigerator, door open, his head inside. . . . Some of the men had already started on the salmon, snatching pieces of it with their fingers. Kramer . . . reappeared with black bottles of Zinfandel, two under his arms, two in his hands. He stopped, contemplated the scene in his kitchen, and his dark eyes flowed. His voice was all pleasure. "This is a wonderful club. This is a wonderful club."

As the night progresses, the men fight, throw knives, destroy furniture, and howl together in unison. The message they are howling is that they do not understand themselves, their wives, their lives—that their lives are over.

They are ridiculous figures, but Michaels does not aim at ridicule. He is dealing with the absurd and the inexplicable. The physician, Terry, relates how he broke up with a woman he liked and still remembers ten years later. He had been eating a delicious dessert:

> Deborah noticed. She gave me looks of approval, like to say how much she enjoyed my happiness. But what does she do? Takes her fork, sticks it into my dessert—without asking permission—and hacks away a piece for herself. Many things about this woman I admired. But nobody sticks herself between my plate and my mouth. She hacked away a piece, shoves it straight into her mouth. Deep. Almost to her lungs. I was looking with disbelief.

He felt a surge of hatred and kicked the girl under the table twice. "She stabbed her fork under the table at my foot. . . . I got up, left the table, went home. It was the last time I saw her."

The men's monologues reveal people totally locked into themselves. Most of them are predatory. Those of them who admire others are losers who enjoy being taken advantage of. The women come off no better: they too are plunderers, fixated, chaotic, lost. If there is a central weakness in the novel, it may be that its characters uniformly serve the author's thesis: "Life is an unfair business, who ever said otherwise? It is a billion bad shows, low blows, and number one has more fun." And such a view of humanity may explain why the men all sound alike.

When Kramer's wife comes home and sees the carnage, all he can do is comment on her new haircut and tell her a cruel story about a patient of his who has gotten a vertical haircut and discovers on a magazine cover that models are wearing horizontal cuts:

> "She went deaf for a week . . . my client paid eighty bucks to get her hair cut, then talked about it with me. Another fifty bucks. Figure 130 bucks for a haircut, plus going deaf. . . . I had to laugh. Not in front of her, naturally. She was too freaked out. I went to the toilet, shut the door. I laughed and laughed."

Kramer's wife hits him over the head with an iron pot and the blood streams down his face, but all his pals do is stand around, and then leave. (Terry, the physician, mutters, "Half a dozen stitches. Probably not serious but if there is vomiting later on . . .")

A writer must achieve a high level of craft today to evoke unsentimental compassion for his characters. For we know too much, and we expect our writers to know even more. Hickey's confession in *Iceman* of murderous hatred for his wife (and the murder itself) would no longer strike us as the final truth of a work. Leonard Michaels breaks new ground, in the tradition of the artist who does not stand still. □

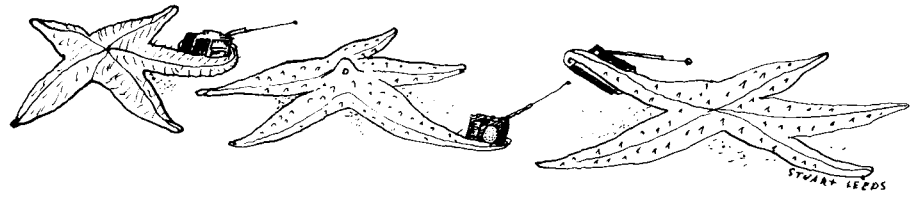
FILM

THE UNLOVED ONE

JOHN SIMON

Two summer hits, *S.O.B.* and *Arthur*, come on as if they were diametrical opposites: one a supposedly ruthless satiric exposé of Hollywood's wicked ways; the other an ostensibly sweet, romantic fairy tale in the charming manner of Hollywood in the Thirties and Forties. In fact, they are the two sides of the same rather shopworn medallion: the exposé finally hurts no one and leaves Movieland still looking like a hell of a fun place; the good-natured fantasy that is meant to make us feel happy about the world exhibits some pretty contemptible values. But more about *Arthur* in my next column.

In *S.O.B.*, Blake Edwards, the writer-director, gives us Richard Mulligan as a wildly successful producer whose movies have made mountains of money for everyone, even though, as their stated titles suggest, they were measly molehills of loosely piled-up sod. He is married to the star of his movies, Julie Andrews, Edwards's real-life spouse and star, which confirms the unpleasantly autobiographical taste of this concoc-



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tion. All would be fine if Mulligan's latest movie, *Night Wind*, had not been a colossal flop at its first screening. The monstrous studio head, Robert Vaughn, is fit to be tied and ready to re-edit the film, except that Mulligan has the right of final cut—which, in reality, would more likely be the director's, but, what the hell, we all know that this supposed producer is really the director, Blake Edwards.

Everyone around Mulligan is corrupt: his wife, who has made a career out of being a sweet innocent, but who is now spoiling for a divorce, which, the film implies, is necessarily an act of treachery; the wife's evil secretary (Stuart Margolin), a scheming little homosexual (though this is somewhat fudged), who really wants to be a producer; Mulligan's Doctor Feelgood (Robert Preston, in his least good performance to date), a total cynic and charlatan; his director (William Holden), another aging cynic and Lothario, whose main interest is sleeping with very young girls; his agent (Robert Webber), a consummate four-flusher, hypocrite, and nervous wreck. And what is Mulligan's only fault? That *Night Wind*, a musical with whose biggest production number *S.O.B.* begins, is too pure and innocuous, a babes-in-toyland kind of movie at a time when the decadent public requires sex and violence. The molehill may be made of dirt, but it is clean, wholesome dirt.

ALREADY Edwards is evading an important question. Is Mulligan truly an innocent at heart, which would make him faintly sympathetic, or is he merely peddling family entertainment on the benighted assumption that it sells best, which would make him venal and mistaken to boot? But we are told nothing about anyone's private or previous life here to allow us to formulate judgments: the film has no other dimension than the fight over and around *Night Wind*. Vaughn wants to chop it up, whereas Mulligan, having had a brainstorm, wants to reshoot it as soft-core porn—which does not make him a particularly lovable figure to me, though Edwards, for obvious reasons, is clearly fond of him.

However, before Mulligan gets that life-saving idea to buy back and pornographize his movie, he goes into a type of shock that is also suicidal. The joke here is that no one pays any attention to him, although Preston proceeds to casually shoot him full of sedatives. De-

spite that, Mulligan becomes a veritable self-destructing machine. First he inhales carbon monoxide in his garage, where his Chicano gardener putters around without comprehending that the boss is killing himself. Saved nevertheless, he wanders about the house, a glazed expression on his face and a rope in his hand, but no one fathoms that he is about to hang himself. Saved again—accidentally—he is put to sleep once more while an orgy is progressing downstairs. Accidentally, again (this is the film's funniest sequence, and I won't give it away), he ends up at the orgy, where he tries to shoot himself under a rug, only to be foiled by a half-naked, sex-bent girl crawling in with him. When our *heauton timorumenos* undertakes to kill himself by sticking his head in the gas oven, a pair of orgiasts making out in the kitchen fall on him and knock him out of the oven.

The first trouble with this is that it is basically a steal from Alan Ayckbourn's play *Absurd Person Singular*; the second, that it does not make much sense. For the people who are here most neglectful of Mulligan are the very ones who are later presented as his best friends, genuinely fond of him. Yet satire, like any genre, must be consistent. Moreover, the whole thing has already been defused by a running gag: a once famous, now out-of-work actor drops dead on the beach outside Mulligan's house and his dog keeps desperate vigil over the body. (The dog, Troubles, is marvelous, by the way, and gives the film's best performance.) No one pays any attention to the dead man or the whining dog, although the situation gets more and more blatant. This is meant to reinforce or extend the themes of human expendability and inhuman callousness, but it only makes for redundancy and predictability.

Satire can be of two kinds. In one, e.g., *Gulliver's Travels*, there are good characters as well as bad ones, so that we get some positive values along with the negative ones. In *S.O.B.* everyone is awful. For example, everyone's walls are covered with the works of major modern artists heaped up pell-mell, yet clearly no one so much as glances at these *nouveau riche* treasures: floor-to-ceiling masterpieces are just the vertical version of wall-to-wall carpeting. The only decent thing anyone does is the Viking funeral Holden, Preston, and Webber accord Mulligan's corpse (an idea taken, incidentally, from one of John Barrymore's famous pranks), but one may ask oneself how much use to Mulligan this gesture is, especially since the trio were no help to him while he was alive and needy.

IN THE other kind of satire, everyone is indeed a knave or a fool—as in certain novels of Evelyn Waugh—but here the redemptive aspect of the fiction is its wit. Now, I won't go so far as to say that *S.O.B.* is totally humorless: there are funny bits here and there, mostly in the early sections. Thus Vaughn's mistress (Marisa Berenson), an actress who betrays him with her leading man, has two funny scenes in bed involving infidelity or kinkiness and the telephone (I must not say more): but Edwards's wit is often coarse and more often a dud. So the abduction of Mulligan's body, when Webber has to relieve not one but several bodily functions; and so, too, the crucial scene in which Julie Andrews must bare her boobies (as she keeps calling them) to the camera and the studio audience.

In this kind of satire, the author's wit is the only earnest we have that something better than grossness and bestiality is possible. *S.O.B.*, however, is not only not devastatingly pointed enough (all the sequences involving the odious gossip columnist and her befuddled husband, for instance, are painfully crude without a trace of novelty), but it cannot even efface from memory all the previous Blake Edwards movies—notably the dreadful *Pink Panther* series—

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in which a rampaging witlessness tried to huff and puff its way into wit. And when Mulligan, desperately fighting to regain control of his movie—even his wife and co-investor turns traitor—is supposed to become a sympathetic figure, indeed a martyr, nothing that Edwards or the totally charmless Mulligan are capable of doing can rescue the character from distastefulness into pathos.

Perhaps the key to it all is the re-edited production number from *Night Wind*. In its dirtied-up revision it is just as bland as in its G-rated version: Cheerios with some incongruous paprika sprinkled over them. Now, that may be precisely Edwards's point, but he does not make this clear to us, and, I'm afraid, the average moviegoer will be mostly thrilled by Miss Andrews's perfect (though almost imperceptibly supported) boobies. And, finally, nothing falls flatter than the elaborate cross-cutting between the official funeral given the wrong body and the unofficial Viking obsequies granted Mulligan's real body with which the film ends. No comic or philosophical point—at least no new one—is driven home with this tediously drawn-out fizzle.

In Blake Edwards's sardonic attack on Hollywood, the final impression is still one of sentimental gloss, the one aspect that shines through and from the entire Edwards *œuvre*. The old joke about underneath the phony tinsel there being the real tinsel is more applicable than ever: it is not in the name of real tinsel that one can devastatingly satirize the phony. □

HOLLYWOOD PIETY

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Let me be done with it and say that the movie *True Confessions* is (in an opinion with which men may with impunity differ) awful; whereas the book of the same title from which it is taken is (in an opinion with which no man may safely differ) rich as Rabelais, haunting, evocative, synaesthetically sensational. In the movie, Robert De Niro is badly miscast. He is never entirely convincing, and words are put in his mouth ("I've packed up my bags," when he announces he has cancer) that one wouldn't have thought wild horses could have dragged from the typewriters of the talented screenwriters. The scenes are one cliché mounted joylessly on another, so that the unfolding of each reminds you progressively of the weakness of the predecessor. But I am not here to criticize the movie—rather to remark the ease with which Hollywood now handles the theme of the thoroughly disreputable priest, though the priest in *True Confessions* isn't actually all that hateful, no more is his boss the cardinal; nor, for that matter, is his brother Tom, the driven, cynical policeman.

Monsignor Desmond Spellacy is ambitious. In his dealings with the cardinal he is somewhere between docile and servile. He is bright enough to know what's really going on, and that what's really going on shouldn't really go on, because Mother Church in Los Angeles has no business giving one of those annual medals ("Catholic Citizen of the Year," or whatever) to a big, beefy, repulsive character, no matter how much money he has given for the construction of parochial schools, if it is known among the cognoscenti (1949 was before Vatican II outlawed Latin) that said character had got rich by pimping, is probably still connected with organized crime, and regularly devotes himself to

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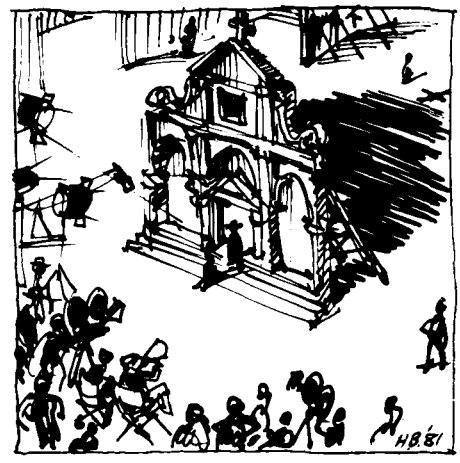
the easier part of that biblical injunction to go out and multiply. What fascinates —*or is supposed to do so—is the cultural* departure in protocol.

It used to be that Hollywood priests were Bing Crosby, going his way, and making ours lighter; or Spencer Tracy, telling the dead-end kid he was a good boy after all, with transmutational effect; or Ingrid Bergman, raising money for the bells of St. Mary's and, while at it, tingling the chimes within the human spirit. Most people, I should think, knew that this was romance; that in real life Bing Crosby neglected his children, Spencer Tracy kept a concubine, and Ingrid Bergman not only looked after orphans, but produced them.

But the theatrical convention was there: that all priests behave in such a way as to dare emulation. Between the Fifties and the Seventies no professional class (save possibly investigative journalists) was presumptively supposed to be engaged in altruistic activity. Ben Stein wrote a book (*The View from Sunset Boulevard*) about a year in Hollywood during which he had come upon not a single "good" businessman, or "good" military officer in the pulp-forests he had seen produced for television and the movies. If John Gregory Dunne had sat down to write a book about a priest who behaved like Mother Teresa, not even with the aid of his talented wife, Joan Didion, would he have been invited to make a movie based on his discovery. The priestly calling is a theatrical victim of an age of skepticism; and it isn't entirely unreasonable that the theatergoer should take this in stride. For one thing there are all those thousands of priests and nuns who have been "laicized," a desertion no man may judge harshly whose own faith, whether in God, marriage, country, or politics, has ever been shaken. But desertion it was: i.e., one pledged one's life to a calling, most spiritual in aspect —and after a while the public recognized you as the fellow drinking beer with the wife or girl-friend while watching Monday night football, waiting your turn at the bowling alley. The stereotype of tenacious Franciscan asceticism is irretrievably gone.

And then, too, there was the ideologization of religion. It's easier, among Catholic clergy, to pick a fight over whether to send arms to the rebels in Nicaragua than whether the Shroud of Turin bears the marks of an extraworldly implosion.



So that John Gregory Dunne's colorful story about priests who have one eye on ambition, and cardinals who leave it to God to forgive the means by which the local philanthropists accumulated their money in the first place, isn't likely to disrupt the rhythm of the movie audience munching its popcorn. The book, by the way, is infinitely more shocking than the movie: but this was so not because the clergy were proved human, but because the language, particularly of the cop and his sidekick, is textured with a blend of profanity and obscenity which almost everywhere (I think of one or two lapses) transports the imagination to a delight unsullied by the ultimate moral corruption. True corruption is what happens when you are asked to believe that as between right and wrong, there really aren't any differences. It is one thing to discover that the pious priest was really Elmer Gantry all over again. Something else to read in the Playboy Philosophy that philandering is good because anything that *feels* good *is* good—except maybe lynching uppity niggers. (*Playboy*—and Hollywood—feel they have to draw the line somewhere.) The book *True Confessions* shocks by color and an irreverence that knows itself to be that. You could fit every Christian martyr in the chasm between *True Confessions* and *Last Exit from Brooklyn*.

THE cultural difference is worth noting, however. Thirty years ago there was plenty of sin going on. In the Eurasian continent more people were killed probably than in three millennia of recorded history. However, for a period, however brief, in popular culture benign presumptions were indulged. Just as rabbis were "wise," priests were "benevolent." Drank a little too much, like Barry Fitzgerald maybe; but good fellows, professionally devoted to philanthropy of sorts. The viewer was only occasionally teased into examining the underlying dogmatic solemnity of it all.

The Spanish, 25 years ago, brought out a discreet little venture in evangelism, as charming as *The Hobbit*. A little orphan boy, living in the monastery, whisked away bread and an occasional apple to feed the disconsolate crucifix in the attic, where, at meal-time, before the dazed stare of the child, the incarnation was re-enacted, day after day at 6 P.M.—till the monks, counting lost apples, broke the reverie (*Marcelino, Pan y Vino*).

At the hot end of the electric theological prod, the viewer could see a dazzling blend of faith triumphant over sacrilege (*Le Défroqué*). Without faith there cannot, of course, be sacrilege: and here we had the sometime priest, become agnostic professor of philosophy, dining with his young protégé, who had stayed true to their once-common faith and was now, freshly ordained, in the priesthood. In the noisy, bibulous tavern crowded with hedonists three violinists carry about the huge five-liter tankard of wine, playing noisily and accelerando gypsy-rhythmed catalysts to frenzy, while one at a time guests chug-a-lug, the leader so far having emptied only a fifth of the seemingly bottomless barrel.

It is now routinely refilled, and the violinists place it on the next table down, where the earnest young priest is talking affectionately with his apostate mentor. The audience is distracted—and at just that moment the ex-priest, driven to black-mass exhibitionism, quietly intones, within the hearing only of his young, freshly consecrated friend, the transubstantiating incantation: *Hic est enim Calix Sanguinis mei . . . For this is the Chalice of my Blood . . .* The violinists, unaware, resume the routine. The young priest, dazed by his knowledge that apostate priests are not shorn of their sacramental powers, lifts the tankard—the blood of Christ—to his lips. He begins to drink . . . the crowd goes wilder . . . the violinists sweat . . . the professor is alarmed . . . Now he has emptied the tankard; the crowd is delirious with admiration. . . . The young priest, stumbling outdoors to the cheers of the crowd, succumbs and dies. Flash forward to the funeral. It is being conducted by the professor. Dressed in

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clerical garb. Returned to the faith. Nobody who saw *Le Défroqué* will forget it.

True Confessions (the movie, not the book) is unlikely to be denounced even by the Legion of Decency. Catholics don't have an Anti-Defamation League, for one thing; for another, there isn't anything there that is truly sacrilegious. Some priests will visit brothels as long as lust is given a fighting chance on earth, and it is the organizing Christian proposition that even Christ was tempted. The Catholic Church is the inspiration for great utterances, even as it has provoked resonant denunciations. G. K. Chesterton, face to face with his time's version of Hollywood agnosticism, concluded a major book by writing that "there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. . . . To have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision, the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."

THOSE who will be shocked by *True Confessions* may—or may not—achieve perspective by reminding themselves that a century ago Charles Kingsley was writing such witty stuff as, "The Roman religion . . . for some time past, [has] been making men not better men, but worse. We must face, we must conceive honestly for ourselves, the deep demoralization which had been brought on in Europe by the dogma that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depended on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment."

Now that's the kind of anti-Papist stuff that makes Hollywood's *True Confessions* taste like no-cal popsicle. But—a note to all those who seek to offend, or to be offended: Caution! Kingsley, above, brought forth Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, the crushing masterpiece that British newspaper readers lined up to buy when it was serialized, a book that devastated Kingsley, leaving that urbane, witty skeptic to sound like the village atheist. Impiety breeds piety. I don't know what the movie version of *True Confessions* will bring on, but pending that dreadnaught, you are vouchsafed these little words, good for just enough life-sufficiency to keep you afloat until the genuine article comes along. □

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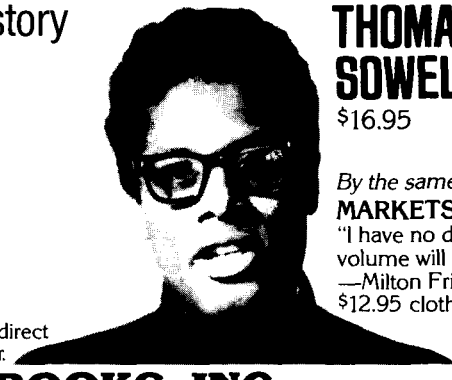

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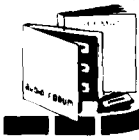

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The GIMLET EYE

NOT WRITING

D. KEITH MANO

From the window of my Lear jet I can see it: Hurricane Chico has left gross scar tissue behind. St. Malherbe, my poor island, looks like a prolapsing uterus down there. Our one staple crop, the garbanzo bean, has come unstapled: field after field blown flatter than indoor-outdoor carpeting. And my joy, my monument, my 19-story Kohler-tub-and-fixture resort hotel has fallen: brought down by high surf (or by concrete footing poured to the consistency of a psyche). Each window still with its ocean view: but under the ocean now. Again, happy landing, Tall Ones have shelled my private runway: mortar ammunition provided by Castro on the big Master Card. Also, see, smoke featherboaing around holy Mount Cabeza. Mojo, the populist voodoo leader—once an est seminarian at Union Theological—has stolen and immolated ten thousand oven-stuffer roasters. They were bought under Title III of the American Fowl Aid Program: where will I get another such financial luau, now that Tip O'Neill is short on power-steering fluid? Worse: in this single month and some of absence from St. Malherbe, my wives have so kindly given birth to eight more children. Welcome home, Papa Short.

SINCE 1963, when first I started writing, I have been the benevolent oppressor of St. Malherbe. It isn't easy: to remain autocratic and petulant Monday through Sunday, for 18 years: never overthrown. Each writing day, you see, is one day in the life of my people: syntax and drought, deadline and dengue, semicolon and machine-made archaeological finds for our American tourist trade. Understand: after every paragraph draft (I average 15) Papa Short has to shelf-mark at least one aspect of Malherbian history: weather, elbow-capping terrorism, new wife, damn Mojo and his Perdue chicken cult, whatever. Estimate one half minute on St. Malherbe for 15 or so at the desk. Events are chosen, are set in random sequence, by an electronic dice-throw system more complex than five-handed contract bridge. And I, Papa Short, must then make some hard decision. Now and then I am compelled to execute a Tall One: this is regrettable. Dilettantes from Amnesty International monitor St. Malherbe. They suspect torture. Yes, I admit it, there is torture: the writing is torture. By comparison any Tall One with no fingernails or a tattooed cornea can consider himself well off.

Wrong, amigo: my mind hasn't been collecting empties in a dark sandlot. St. Malherbe *is*. I live there and quite sensibly, too. What are novels, after all, but a long archipelago: separate, authoritarian, made-believe? The nature of creativity—fictional creativity in particular—is the nature of play. I have, moreover, caught on to this: an associative brain does not function well directly: as in, say, $7 \times 8 = 56$. The splendid metaphor must be driven by drum and shout from a subconscious place. One way or another, any good artist will learn to poach in that rank game preserve. I outline a paragraph and the problem has been set: "Her nose was like . . ." Time now to become Papa Short. I face the sand table map of St. Malherbe and spin dice. Will the garbanzo weevil put me in receivership this season? I am involved: often I am even bitter or afraid: I cry out: they'll need an act of extradition for my head. But after, when I return to that paragraph, the synapses will have done their unconscious matrix algebra. And her nose was like . . . something.

Yet, to be honest, these are matters perceived in an after-time. I first took sail for St. Malherbe because, above all, I loathe the act of writing. Loathe: that's no careless hyperbole, friend. Ah, if writing were an animal and knew pain: I would gut it: I would flense the live fat off. Since 1963, writing, I haven't had a natural night of sleep. My stomach eats its own ulcered blood: a self-protein diet. St. Malherbe was, back then, just my reward contraption: one paragraph would endow me with sovereign aggressive power: play, release. By now, though, I am the victim of my own colonialism. I can't even indulge in a writer's block: too many people depend on Papa Short. It would be, well, uncivic.

NONETHELESS, for more than one month and willfully, I have not written at all. Last June I completed an 860-page novel: nine years' worth of island labor. Time then to see if I could recall what rest was like. I could not. I dreamed of pencils that bent: of last-draft writing that would vanish—zip up, gone—from a Magic Slate. Oh, predictable enough: but there were more disquieting revelations under the obsessive gang tool guilt.

I soon came to realize this: that I petted our cat, gave out neighborly elevator talk, hit handballs with my children—to avoid, for a moment, St. Malherbe and the desk. These small affectionate acts had once been stolen: been exciting for that. But now there was no reason to pet or talk or child-play. I became sullen, nervous: I lost spontaneity. Writing, life built with most savage intent around ten or 15 dreadful work hours per day, writing had made an invert of my natural passion. I was loving people, dammit, in order not to write. Pathological thieves released from Attica must understand similarly: that they will never again fit within the social textile. As I, a recidivist writer, never will. This doesn't please me: this sure reckoning that I have been disabled emotionally by a trade for which I cherish the most elegant distaste.

Touchdown. Eight cabinet ministers are running across the wet tarmac. Papa Short will probably have to make a serious decision now. But no metaphors: not here on this metaphor where I spend half my conscious life. Phoomph: a random mortar shell has exploded over there. Someday enough Tall Ones will come down to rush the Old Palace of my brain. Death, even that death, is just another random throw. And we will all be glad, I think, we islanders, to let the effacing sea return. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

MORNINGS ON HORSEBACK, *by David McCullough (Simon & Schuster, 445 pp., $17.95).* After the publication of the first half of Edmund Morris's magisterial biography, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*, two years ago, it seemed impossible that anyone else could cover the same ground with as much felicity and even more detail, and yet David McCullough has accomplished just that, stopping short of the decade preceding the Presidency, which Morris presented so brilliantly, but going into the extraordinary lives of TR's mother and father and their three other children so exhaustively and with such penetration that the second half of the nineteenth century in America comes to life as never before. What a time that was! And what a family! Perhaps because his focus is not exclusively on TR, and because his admiration for the elder Theodore, Mittie, and the two sisters, Bamie and Corrine, is so great, McCullough's portrait of the young President-to-be may seem a little harsh. Morris, too, understood the psychosomatic nature of asthma, and how the child instinctively used those devastating seizures as a weapon to gain his father's undivided attention; but McCullough, plotting the curves of the illness and showing that the attacks came almost invariably on *weekends*, appears to make the victim more culpable. Similarly, going into the Harvard years in more depth, McCullough presents TR, among the pampered snobs who were his classmates ("There were no blacks in the Class of 1880, suffice it to say, and no foreign students; there were exactly three Roman Catholics, but no Boston Irish, no Italians, Swedes, or Latin Americans, no one with a name ending in an *i* or an *o*; and there were no Jews"), as the richest of the rich, and the moral prig and uninspired student he then undoubtedly was. His friend George Pellew, the class poet, summed up the college environment in verses that describe the exact opposite of what young Teddy was to become:

We deem it narrow-minded to excel.
We call the man fanatic who applies
His life to one grand purpose till he dies.
Enthusiasm sees one side, one fact;
We try to see all sides, but do not act.
. . . We long to sit with newspapers unfurled,
Indifferent spectators of the world.

Young Teddy married a Massachusetts belle, the mother of his daughter—a perfect love-match if ever there was one. But when she died in 1884 he cut her so completely out of his memory that in his autobiography years later he failed to mention her at all. Already he was begin-

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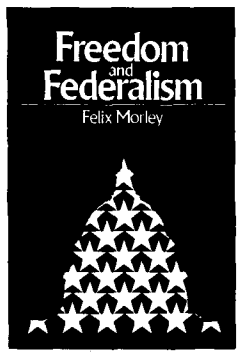

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ning to shape his life consciously (and strenuously) toward what he wanted to be and do, and part of that achievement, as McCullough suggests, was to exorcise the buried guilt he must have felt toward the dead father whom he loved and admired but who had paid a substitute to fight for him in the Civil War. SELDEN RODMAN

THE KGB: *The Eyes of Russia, by Harry Rositzke (Doubleday, 294 pp., $14.95).* Yet *another* book about the Soviet secret service? Well, perhaps it is better for us to be kept regularly alerted to the organization's menace, and its newest delineator has good credentials. For years prior to his retirement in 1970 Mr. Rositzke was a CIA specialist in Soviet operations. He writes well. It's just a pity that the case histories he trots forth are, to the truly spy-struck reader, so familiar. Nevertheless we are offered useful pieces of advice. Western awareness of the KGB did not begin to stir until the mid-Forties. Since 1950 West Germany has been one of its prime targets, with special attention to the NATO tie-in. Its emphasis on recruitment in the U.S. began in the mid-Fifties, and it now has, according to Mr. Rositzke, scores of agents here, with the largest legitimate (diplomatic) contingent functioning in New York City. "The Minox camera is its most powerful weapon." But this beast can shift its weight as occasion directs, having understood that "terror is most effective if capricious," that is, when the murder victim doesn't even know he's a target. Read this book, and clench your teeth. CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

SIX PROBLEMS FOR DON ISIDRO PARODI, *by Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy-Casares (Dutton, 160 pp., $11.50). Six Problems for Don Isidro Parodi,* the first collaboration between the Argentine novelist Borges and his friend Bioy-Casares, is a literary concoction in the tradition of the *roman policier*, transferring ideas and plots from Sherlock Holmes, M. Lecoq, Auguste Dupin, the London Crime Club, and Edgar Allan Poe to native ground—Buenos Aires. It is there, in the legendary cell 273, that the characters of the six stories gather in a colorful flock: reporters, actors, colonels, mandarins, writers, rakes, Jews. On their first visit they put forward the troubling mystery to Don Isidro, who simply listens, as if bored, and remains impassive. On their second, they hear its solution, which astounds them all. Don Isidro gives, in his lack of mobility, welcome respite from the frenetic activity of American detectives. But not many of the murders he is involved in solving engage our curiosity. Plenty of gallicisms, rich but long-winded descriptions, and a few ethnic slurs here and there help to make this extremely cultured book an overrated bore. NEREO E. CONDINI

Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN HIS BOOK *The Growth of American Government* Roger Freeman wrote:

> The harvest of the wave of social legislation of the 1960s . . . has been so disappointing that resistance to unlimited expansion of governmental activities is likely to become stronger as time goes on.
>
> The trend toward bigger government—in terms of heavier taxes, bigger spending, tighter regulation of business and personal activities—therefore has a good chance of flattening out in the last quarter of the twentieth century.

It is a measure of how far and how fast America traveled between 1975, when that measured prediction was an act of calculated temerity, and the spring of 1981, when Freeman kissed goodbye to the galleys of his latest book, that his plaintive cries therein sound like echoes from a buried past. In the past several months some of those cries have been answered, and most of them have at least been heard. Who says you can't turn the clock back? The hands may actually move faster that way.

The Wayward Welfare State (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif. 94305; $8.95) is described by the author as "a preview and summary of" a much larger book of the same title. That book, in turn, grew out of a request by the Hoover people that Freeman update and expand his successful *The Growth of American Government*, a project that resulted in "an entirely new book," to be published by Hoover in the near future. Who knows? By the time *that* work appears, we may be back in the days of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Freeman, who has worked as an assistant to Presidents Eisenhower and Nixon, traces the growth of the Welfare State from its origins in the New Deal. Only, as he shows, the Welfare State as we know it was not established in the Thirties but in the Forties—when World War II introduced vastly increased income taxes—and the Fifties, when inflation indexed those taxes to itself, thus providing Washington with the monies it needed to create the behemoth.

And yet, contrary to popular belief, the Welfare State has not grown primarily by vastly increasing tax rates, by seizing an ever larger portion of the GNP. Rather, it has been created by a redistribution of wealth *within the Federal Government itself*: by transferring monies from the defense to the welfare budget. Between 1950 and the mid-1970s, defense appropriations fell from two-thirds of the federal budget to less than a fourth, from 13.5 per cent of the GNP to 5 per cent. In the Seventies the realization that the nation had allowed its defenses to slip dangerously sank in, but the engines that ran the Great Society were in place and kept running by built-in authorizations that mandated more and more funds for them every year. "With outgo continuing to head upward but a major source of funds, defense, cut off, a succession of huge budgetary deficits became a regular and inevitable fact of federal finances. Back-to-back monetarized deficits were not the only but the most potent force that drove inflation rates to two-digit levels which proved impervious to presidential and congressional oratory."

IN THE PAST five years, Freeman believes, the system has been running down, the trend toward increased social-services spending has slowed. Why? Not because the politicians have eased inflation. (The liberal ones love inflation: it is the ultimate redistributor of wealth.) No, it is because the politicians are running out of money: defense spending has hit rock-bottom, and voters have become so enraged by perennial tax increases that new ones can be foisted on them only by the most devious means.

Freeman provides a list of ways by which Washington could cope with the mess, but, if you've been reading the papers lately, you already know what they are. Many of them are The Current Wisdom, and many of them are already being aggressively applied. □

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FOSSEDAL & D'SOUZA
(Continued from page 1077)

Reagan, so Kemeny hoped to turn his gala farewell into a mandate against the fascist students and alumni of Dartmouth. Both failed. In the process nine hundred graduating seniors at Dartmouth learned something about the moral bankruptcy of liberalism.

But Dartmouth has a new president, David McLaughlin, businessman and alumnus, who is likely to erase many of the changes of the Sixties and Seventies. And Dartmouth has a conservative student newspaper and, thanks to it, an aroused body of alumni who are suddenly receiving more information about Dartmouth than the tidbits that are characteristically enclosed with college fund-raising letters.

"It's the Sixties against the Eighties at Dartmouth," Jeffrey Hart wrote recently. "Bet on the Eighties." And bet on the Eighties to spread elsewhere. □

HARRIGAN
(Continued from page 1080)

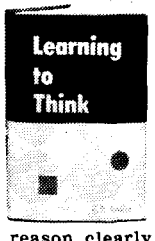
Lewis mentality—the mentality that is drenched in guilt, hates American power and the use of it, and views our wealth as a moral flaw.

If Britain won the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton, America lost the battles of the Sixties and Seventies on college campuses in the late Forties. Wartime experience was undone and replaced by a new mentality that persuaded Americans to speak softly and carry a small stick—an outlook embodied in the foreign policy of former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.

The Bard experience and its immediate aftermath was part of my passage to adulthood, marriage, work, and responsibility. I came out of it with a clearer grasp of what I believed; I knew what I rejected. It awakened me to the false premises of liberalism and to the hostility toward America embodied in the radical tradition. I realized that there would be a lifetime of struggle ahead, a struggle against the grain of modern American thought and life. In time, I learned that there were others who were engaged in the same struggle and who had learned the same things in the years after the war. I would discover Russell Kirk, writing on the New Hebrides—and the survival of our civilization—in the pages of the *Yale Review* and William F. Buckley Jr. in the same issue of John Chamberlain's *Freeman* to which I contributed an article. It was comforting to learn that we were part of a goodly company aiming our lances at the same enemy and defending the same cause, resisting those who sought to change the rules of life.

I look now to the Bard years—to a time that still brings back memories of lost pleasures and half-forgotten friendships. Those years still have a special place in my recollections. But I know that the time and place were part of a great mistake—for myself, my companions, and my generation. □

LEARNING TO THINK



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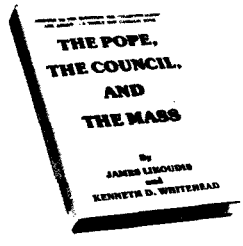

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Outstanding

On The Right

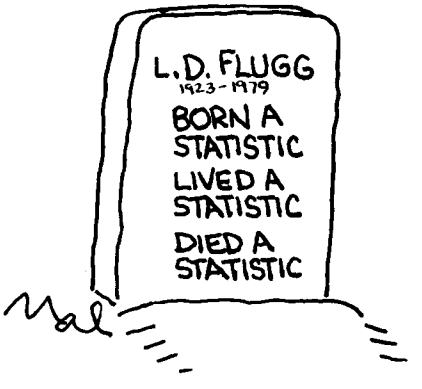
New York, Aug. 28—There is a cool savoir-faire in our boy Reagan, and it is beginning to have an impact even abroad. Some of us get more impatient with Europeans than others and some of "us" includes many Europeans. Last fall, visiting America, Harold Macmillan said in accents intended to reach all of Europe that he simply could not understand why the United States should be held responsible for the protection of an area which, in its totality, is richer than we, and more heavily populated. That, however, is a moral judgment. We need—and if, in order to remember it, it is necessary to tie a bow around the little finger, do exactly that—to remind ourselves that however sluggish the Europeans are in the matter of their own defense, the United States would be far worse off—drastically worse off—with a Europe satellized by the Soviet Union than with a free Europe. From one end (satellization) to the other (independence) is, however, an arc, not a dichotomy; and Reagan's position on the neutron bomb brilliantly recognizes this.

The unique nature of the neutron bomb is that for all intents and purposes it is a weapon useful only in Europe. Sure, the Afghans could have used it with singular effect. But primarily it is the natural weapon for Europe. Natural because it is utterly inoffensive, non-provocative—because it is defensive in nature. The Enhanced Radiation Warhead, positioned in artillery instruments, launches less than one hundred miles, and kills only personnel, preferably those driving huge Russian tanks lumbering over European soil.

Now Reagan's shrewd step lay precisely in not talking about any deadline for positioning these warheads. On the matter of theater nuclear forces the agenda is already crowded. By the end of 1983 we are supposed to have Pershing and cruise missiles in Western Europe, of far greater consequence than the neutron bomb in terms of strategic equilibrium. The former are designed as counterforce weapons to cope with the devastating SS-20s deployed by the Soviet Union. If Jimmy Carter had, in 1978, followed the recommendation of General Haig (and the surreptitious recommendations of many European leaders) to deploy the neutron bombs, we'd have got at the matter of rearming Europe in a more orderly way, with priority given to defensive weapons, backed only then by offensive weapons. Ideally the chronology would have been: 1) Europe deploys neutron bombs. 2) Russia removes or does not remove its SS-20s. If not, 3) Europe deploys the Pershing and cruise missiles.

Reagan has said to his European brothers: Gentlemen, we shall see to it that we have the arms. Although NATO has formal authority to deploy weapons, and indeed has already deployed tactical nuclear weapons, we recognize that you have a veto power over what weapons squat down on your own soil. But the question before the house is whether the Soviet Union, through you, has a veto over which weapons the United States can manufacture, even weapons which are useful only to you. Within the memory of all Americans over fifty, Winston Churchill asked America to give Great Britain the tools, and she would do the job. We are taking the precaution of moving so that our arsenal will be ready when you call on it. If in 1936 we had had, immediately available to France and Great Britain, five hundred bombers and one thousand fighters, you could have stopped Hitler by raising one index finger pointed warningly at Berlin. When the time comes to deploy the neutron weapons you will not need to wait for them over what could prove a critical period.

Europe's ultimate response? There are grounds, great grounds for pessimism. In 1959, writing from Europe, Whittaker Chambers (the most eloquent prophet of our time) wrote, "Give them the means, and these dear friends, that noble Third Force, will cut our bloody throats. As people, they are stronger than we are, and they know it—I mean as individual people amounting to a mass, they are stronger. In the mass they loathe us. At another level their disdain for us is withering. At their most understanding or compassionate, they neither hate nor loathe; it's just that they cannot help being conscious of a difference that superior breeds feel in the presence of others. Often they show it most by their effort not to show it. Give these superior breeds the economic power to see us at eye level, and they will see right over us. They have been seeing through us for years." Yes, but the latent strength of America, which bailed Europe out twice this century, is ready to do it again. But this time, *Deo volente*, by avoiding war, rather than merely winning it. □



THE CASE AGAINST AMBIGUITY

New York, Sept. 4—CBS's extensive and in many ways brilliant five-part series on the problem of U.S. defense policy gave a lucid pictorial idea of what is involved in a) catching up with the Soviet Union, while b) making the correct decisions on where to place our scarce dollars. CBS's principal deficiencies, in this otherwise invaluable series, were a) its failure to award itself sufficient credit for the disrepair of our defense system ("The Selling of the Pentagon," in which ten years ago CBS assailed the Pentagon for its public efforts to bring attention to its depreciating arsenal, harmonized with the regular inattention over the same decade that CBS and the other networks gave to progressive military advances by the Soviet Union), and b) a failure sufficiently to suggest the adamantine lengths to which the Soviet leadership has shown itself prepared to go in order to advance its ideological-imperialist appetites.

So: we are rearming. All over the place. The press is generous in the attention it is giving to the retrieval of old aircraft carriers and battleships, to the schedule for Trident IIs, the activation of the neutron bomb, the plans for the new B-1 bomber, perhaps along with the Stealth bomber, which was top-secret until the

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pressures of presidential politics caused Mr. Carter's Secretary of Defense to chat about it; and then, of course, the business about the deployment of theater nuclear weapons in Europe by 1983. One observer commented that reading the papers would suggest that the United States was preparing to go to war.

But it has been a long time since thoughtful people recognized the dilemma adumbrated in CBS's extraordinary series, with its ferocious (and correct) account of the devastation that would follow upon a nuclear attack. A nuclear exchange? Ah, there's the rub.

LET US back off for a moment from the question of the number of launchers and effective throw-weight. I think it inescapably correct to say that the presence of Ronald Reagan in the White House is in and of itself the greatest deterrent to a nuclear initiative by the Soviet Union.

This analysis is not Superman stuff. Indeed it is analysis of the kind that will, perhaps perversely, please some of Mr. Reagan's critics who think him a simple man. He is a simple man; simple in the sense that his mind is governed by certain settled axioms. One of these is that the Soviet Union is no likelier to start a nuclear war if there is a high probability that the major cities of the Soviet Union will thereupon disappear in a mushroom cloud, than the United States would have been likely to drop atom bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima if Truman had thought it likely that Japan would proceed to take out San Francisco and Los Angeles with its nuclear bombs.

We have, especially in the years gone by, worshipped at the altar of ambiguity. Adlai Stevenson's mind was so refined, his votaries used to think, that he could see into the very bowels of the ambiguity of the universe. George Kennan, as he headed toward ambiguity, became more celebrated by the academy. Oh, there were certain questions about which ambiguity was not permitted: the proposition that we should instantly get out of Vietnam, for instance. But in matters nuclear, ambiguity was king. And the transcription of ambiguity was: If the Soviet Union hits our Minuteman installations, how can we order our submarines and bombers to hit the Soviet Union back, when we know that in that event, their second nuclear volley would aim at our population centers?

The men in the Kremlin, assessing the character of Ronald Reagan, know that they are not dealing with an ambiguist in the above sense. Reagan is plainspokenly attached to the proposition that if the Soviet Union starts a nuclear war, we will instantly retaliate. He is wedded to that proposition on the grounds less that nuclear incineration would be poetic justice for the Soviet Union, than that the way to prevent Assault One is to make it unambiguously clear that Assault Two would follow. This is a very risky world. But Reagan is making it less so. □

A CHARTER FOR DEMOCRATS

New York, Aug. 21—For many years a few Republican stalwarts chafed at the copious advice we were constantly being given by inflamed Democrats who were never so busy minding the affairs of their own party that they were left without the time necessary to mind the affairs of the Republican Party. During the Fifties and Sixties they specialized in extolling what they would call "liberal Republicans." The idea was that if the Republican Party were only smart enough to follow the line of its liberal spokesmen, it too would grow like the Democrats. They seldom got around to asking what exactly would be the point in the Republican Party's reiterating Democratic policies, but they greatly enjoyed their paternalistic exercise, confident of the political wisdom of their advice, and then one day they looked up and found a most extraordinary development. The Republican liberals were all gone. Defeated.

Oh, there is here and there the anomaly. Mac Mathias, senator from Maryland, is a survivor of the oxymoronic breed of liberal Republicans, and America makes room for occasional eccentrics. But back when Senator Goldwater suffered his great defeat in 1964, Republicans were advised by the Democrats that this chastening experience was very good for the Republicans, who would now once and for all discard their atavistic habits of mind and join the twentieth century (that was their favorite phrase). What happened after Goldwater, to engage in a little historical reductionism, was the gradual defeat of Rockefeller, and the ascendancy of Reagan. And a reduction in the differential between self-designated Democrats and self-designated Republicans from 26 points favoring the Democrats in 1964, to 11 points at this moment.

In short, the Republicans who prevailed might be said, using the terminology of David Riesman, to have been "inner-directed," rather than "other-directed." They sensed that there was an alternative way to go, and have persuaded the majority of the voters. The question now is: Should Republicans repay the Democrats their solicitude of yesteryear, by giving *them* a little advice? I know they would prefer advice handed down by a federal program (a division, perhaps of the Endangered Species Act?), but here goes:

1. By all means the Democratic Party should purge those of its congressmen whose views are adamantly conservative. There is no sensible reason for Phil Gramm of Texas to go to Congress as a Democrat. The reason he goes under Democratic auspices is that there is the residue of a nineteenth century antipathy to Republicanism which Southerners should, quite simply, outgrow. If they can bring themselves to vote for Reagan for President and Strom Thurmond for senator under the Republican rubric they should be able to do as much at local levels. The purgees should, of course, instantly compete in Republican primaries. The Republicans could help out the entire operation by promising to extend to the upwardly mobile Republicans such seniority as they'd have had if their careers in Congress as Democrats had been uninterrupted.

2. The Democrats should make an effort to convince the voters that they are capable of responsible economic restraint. As recently as a couple of years ago Senator Kennedy was publicly arguing that the Federal Government's share of the gross national product hadn't really gone up, if you don't count this, that, and the other. In fact it had risen from about 13 per cent of the GNP in the early Fifties to about 20 per cent. It is my point that unless the Democrats come up with a self-imposed continence in spending they will be self-discrediting. Say a constitutional amendment?

3. Democrats should try to get ahead of Republicans in innovative, progressive social legislation. Why not (for instance) adopt a plank opposing the progressive feature of the income tax? Or—a favorite of the truly informed—a program that would limit federal welfare benefits to states which, after the decennial census, are shown to have a per-capita income that falls below the national average? Senator Moynihan has become a positive encephalophone on the subject of how much money, net, is going out of New York compared to what's coming in. Some of us remarked this about a generation ago. So: Why not a party plank limiting social philanthropy to those states that need it? And—a chaser, this one—why not do an end-run around the Republicans and call for an educational voucher system? Think of it! The Democratic Party reborn, as the friend of genuine equality (no discrimination in taxation); sensible social philanthropy (money only for the poorer states); and unencumbered educational opportunity (the voucher plan).

Should any Democrat become President on the above ticket, I wish it known that I will not accept any political appointment. The advice I give is free, and disinterested. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What a schnapps might be called — 20 6 25 42 75 83 113 121 127 145

B. Nationality of Nicholas Breakspear — 22 36 109 130 73 24 91

C. WORD B's professional name; he gave Ireland to England — 51 108 7 28 140 135 82 147

D. What the Yanks have been since 1935 — 72 162 8 2 29 112 87 15

E. This sounds like a bereaved plant — 115 5 45 33 47 41 64 68 103 110 120 131

F. Begins a card game — 96 163 146 114 74

G. A type of piano composition — 138 66 122 61 39 49 107 76

H. Where Joseph found his brethren — 81 143 93 16 104 67

I. A mountain in northern California — 9 14 23 58 78 26

J. It is a tale told by an ___ — 153 77 30 17 54

K. A confused HIGH SOUL = — 34 94 123 18 141 84 175 133

L. A nocturnal worker — 48 32 155 11 99 167 119 105 158

M. What Congress is doing mostly — 144 35 102 168 53 124 136

N. A market for a commodity — 157 56 126 38 116 90

O. A city and port of Massachusetts — 37 44 52 65 79 165 111 59 97

P. One of Dickens's juvenile characters — 166 172 117 150 171 12 142

Q. Confused ebony and half of an ass's *exclamation* = a useful insect — 169 85 128 148 55 21 3 43

R. What the Republican Party is (better than asinine) — 46 19 40 57 70 80 89 156 137 154 160

S. A type of rifle or pistol — 1 164 50 86 118 98 129 10 88

T. A source of emetine — 62 161 92 69 101 4

U. Knife used as a weapon and for *cutting sugarcane* — 173 106 132 100 71 151 95

V. The first English king — 159 139 27 170 149 60

W. A hero of Dominican independence — 125 134 63 13 152 174 31

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1098 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 S	2 D	3 Q		4 T	5 E	6 A	7 C	8 D	9 I		10 S	11 L	12 P	13 W	14 I		15 D
16 H	17 J	18 K	19 R	20 A		21 Q	22 B		23 I		24 B	25 A	26 I	27 V	28 C	29 D	30 J	31 W
32 L	33 E	34 K		35 M	36 B	37 O	38 N	39 G	40 R	41 E	42 A	43 Q		44 O	45 E	46 R		47 E
48 L		49 G	50 S	51 C	52 O	53 M	54 J	55 Q		56 N	57 R	58 I	59 O	60 V	61 G	62 T	63 W	64 E
	65 O	66 G	67 H	68 E	69 T	70 R	71 U	72 D	73 B	74 F	75 A	76 G	77 J		78 I	79 O	80 R	81 H
82 C	83 A	84 K	85 Q	86 S	87 D		88 S	89 R		90 N	91 B	92 T		93 H	94 K	95 U	96 F	97 O
98 S		99 L	100U	101T	102M		103E	104H	105L		106U	107G	108C		109B	110E	111O	112D
113A	114F	115E	116N	117P	118S		119L	120E	121A		122G	123K	124M	125W	126N	127A	128Q	129S
130B	131E		132U	133K	134W	135C	136M	137R	138G	139V		140C	141K	142P	143H	144M	145A	
146F	147C	148Q	149V	150P	151U	152W	153J	154R	155L		156R	157N		158L	159V	160R	161T	
162D	163F		164S	165O	166P	167L		168M	169Q	170V		171P	172P	173U	174W	175K		

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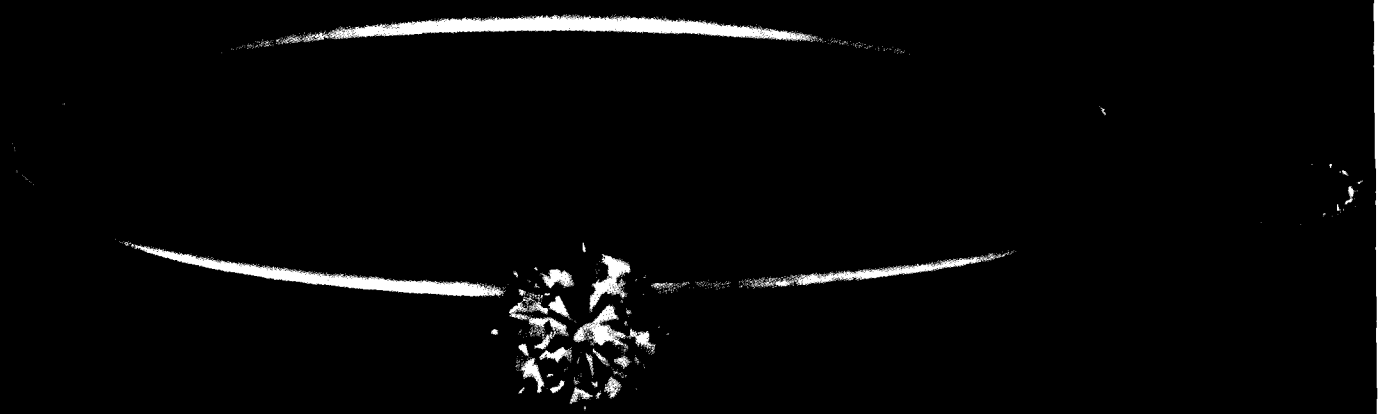
She can't wear a Ming vase to La Bohème.



Born out of fire and ice more than a hundred million years ago. Every diamond is unique. But a diamond this large is even more precious. A gift so rare, it can never be measured. Until you see the look in her eyes.

THE DIAMOND SOLITAIRE.
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The one and a quarter carat diamond bracelet shown is enlarged for detail.

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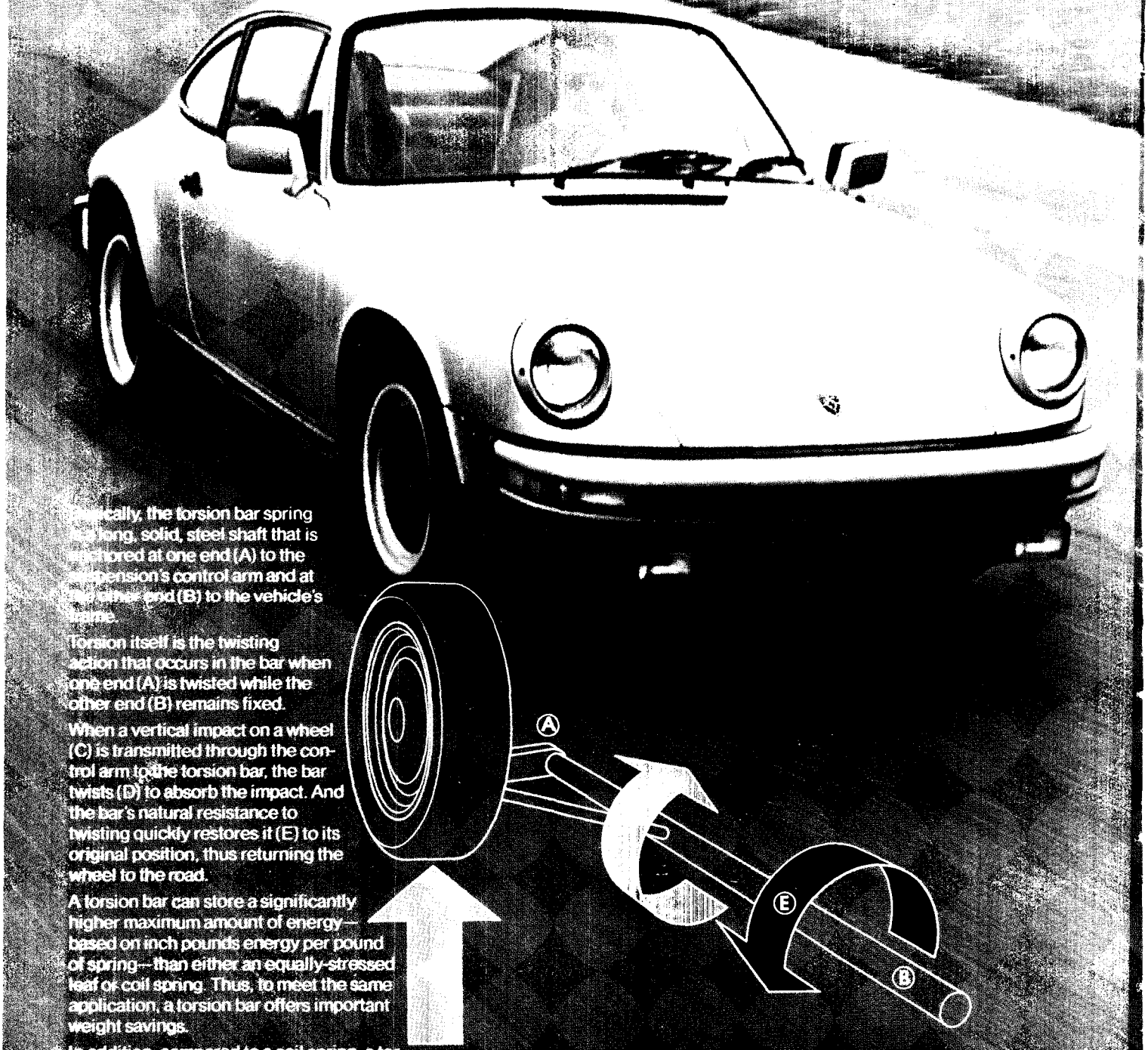
Consumer Orientation
No. 15 in a Series
Subject: Torsion Bar Suspension as a Means to Reduce Vehicle Weight and Increase Aerodynamic Efficiency.

Porsche 911SC

At Porsche, we expect a high-performance car to also be a highly-efficient car. So we design every component to produce maximum output, yet add only minimum weight and require minimum space. A prime example: the torsion bar spring. It is used on all four wheels of the 911SC to improve riding comfort and maintain firm tire-road contact. In addition, compared to a leaf or coil spring, it conserves weight and space, two critical requirements of today's automotive designs. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche first introduced automotive torsion bar springing—nearly 50 years ago.



Basically, the torsion bar spring is a long, solid, steel shaft that is anchored at one end (A) to the suspension's control arm and at the other end (B) to the vehicle's frame.

Torsion itself is the twisting action that occurs in the bar when one end (A) is twisted while the other end (B) remains fixed.

When a vertical impact on a wheel (C) is transmitted through the control arm to the torsion bar, the bar twists (D) to absorb the impact. And the bar's natural resistance to twisting quickly restores it (E) to its original position, thus returning the wheel to the road.

A torsion bar can store a significantly higher maximum amount of energy—based on inch pounds energy per pound of spring—than either an equally-stressed leaf or coil spring. Thus, to meet the same application, a torsion bar offers important weight savings.

In addition, compared to a coil spring, a torsion bar requires significantly less space. Thus, on the 911's front suspension (diagrammed here), it can both provide more room for the luggage compartment and minimize airflow restrictions below the vehicle which increases aerodynamic efficiency.

The torsion bar has been standard equipment on the 911 since the 911's initial production, 17 years ago. At Porsche, excellence is expected.

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